

J  
A  
N  
E  
T  
'S  
  
D  
I  
A  
R

Diary of Janet Leigh Dittemore,  
a little girl who grew up as a  
missionary child on the Tibetan  
Border—in China and Burma—  
and, later, in Japan.

266.66  
D61

May 24, 1945 to December 30, 1955

Copyright 1956  
Isabel M. Dittmore

Price \$1.00

*Purchase through*  
DITTEMORE BOOK FUND  
Miss Helen Marshall  
Box 1392  
Toledo, Ohio



266.66

D61

*TO MOTHER MAUDE*

Whose unfailing fountain of bubbling humor, even in the midst of the most trying circumstances, has inspired me and her countless friends with the truth of her own statement that "for carrying one over a difficult situation, a sense of humor is second only to the grace of God."

20942

## P R E F A C E



This diary - though written by her Mother - Mrs. Warren Dittmore (nee Isabel Maxey), is about a little girl who has spent nearly all her life outside of the United States. Her parents took her to China as a baby. There her father died of typhoid fever a year later. From China, after the Communists took the country, Janet and her Mother took flight to Burma where they were allowed to remain for six months.

Thereafter, following a furlough in the U. S., she and her Mother and Grandmother joined the work of her uncle Mark Maxey in Kyushu, Japan, where she lived for four years.

Janet's father, Warren Perry Dittmore, had spent seven years preparing himself to serve in the frontier area of the Tibetan border. He was a graduate in Agriculture from Kansas State University and of Manhattan Bible College. During his years of ministerial training, he preached at Christian Churches in Horton and Farmington, Kansas and later while taking graduate work at Butler University in Indianapolis, preached at Etna Green, Indiana. Extra preparation in missionary medicine, dentistry and carpentering was taken at Moody Bible Institute and finally a year of Chinese Language Study at the University of California in Berkeley, where Janet was born.

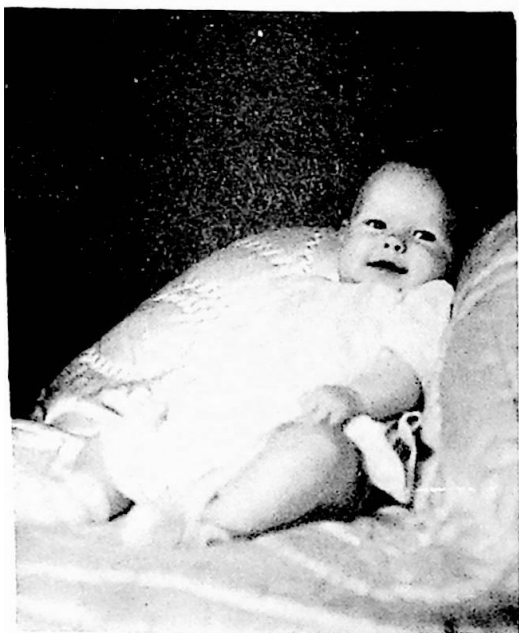
Janet's mother as Isabel Bryan Maxey, had been a missionary with the Yunnan-Tibetan Christian Mission - J. Russell Morse, Director - for one term before she met Mr. Dittmore.

As a recruit to the same Mission field, he was introduced to her at a brotherhood convention, in the fall of 1942. Their romance began then and culminated in marriage on May 1, 1943, at Cincinnati Bible Seminary where she was taking graduate work.

In April 1944, in Chicago, a son, Jonathan Tibbs Dittemore, was born. Only three months later, in Berkeley, California, little Jon died in his sleep of suffocation.

Janet Leigh was thus doubly welcomed into her parents empty arms and it was difficult indeed for them all to face the separation which took place one month later when her Daddy left for India with their supplies - in a blacked-out freighter going via Australia, - in July of 1945. The war ended just before he arrived in India.

How his wife and baby joined him again and the many joys and sorrows and adventures of  $10\frac{1}{2}$  years as a Missionary child is told in this Diary, written in the first person singular and amply illustrated.



Janet at four months shortly before  
sailing for China

# JANET'S DIARY

## VOLUME I

May 24, 1945  
to  
December 12, 1945

Being the Diary of  
Janet Leigh Dittmore,  
first white baby to enter China  
after the second World War



My parents: Warren and Isabel Dittmore  
Christian Missionaries

# JANET'S DIARY

## VOLUME 1

May 24, 1945 - December 12, 1945

Diary of the First White Baby  
to Enter China in 1945  
After the Second World War



MAY 24 — This is the day I arrived in the world and began getting ready for the journey ahead. But really, you might say, I was en route to China even before then for my parents had hoped I would be born in China and have been trying for a month to go. Instead, I was born in Berkeley, California where my father has been studying Chinese.

JULY 5 — Today my Daddy sailed from Los Angeles for Calcutta taking our supplies with him. He

told us goodbye on June 30 and I smiled my first smile for him. I hope Mother and I get to see him again soon for I think he is such a nice Daddy. I wish he could watch all the new tricks I am supposed to learn in the next few months. Daddy took among other things, ten cases of canned baby food. Wasn't that nice?

AUGUST 5 — Today I was seven weeks old and I had my passport picture taken. Mommy had a time getting any photographer to even try to take my picture because I am so young and wobbly yet. But I tried my best to show them how good I could be. The result is the picture above.

AUGUST 15 — This is the day our journey began. We don't know where all it will take us before we finish, but Mother, Grandmother Maxey and my Aunt Lola Mae Dittemore have worked so hard to get us off today. You see, I just must see my Dittemore grandparents and as many of my relatives as possible before I go. The war is over so now we know we will leave for China. But we don't know

from which coast we will sail, yet, so we'll go visiting while we wait to hear from Washington D. C.

AUGUST 30 — My, I did have a wonderful time with Grandmother and Grandfather Dittmore and all my nice aunts and cousins. Aunt Mary (Maxey) Giese came to Omaha to see me, too, as we went through.

Today, we left Atchison, Kansas where my father's parents live and started for Cincinnati. I did so hate to leave because they love me so much, but I guess that is the kind of life I am going to have from now on. This morning, just as we were about to leave for the train, who should arrive, but LaVerne Morse. He had travelled all night to see us before we left. He got on the train with us and went to St. Louis so we could have a good visit. I certainly did like him a lot.

SEPTEMBER 1 — We arrived in Cincinnati yesterday morning and are in the home of Mr. and Mrs. William W. Siefferman where my Grandmother Maxey lives. I don't know how long we will be here. Mother did not hear a word from Washington in spite of her letter and wire, so we will visit the Maxey aunts, cousins, and uncles while we continue to wait. Of course, we just don't sit and wait, Mother keeps shopping all the time, writing letters and now she is planning to take me to see the nearby living-link churches and let them see me.

SEPTEMBER 18 — Mother is so happy today, she can scarcely contain herself. She had a wire from Washington that our passport had been mailed. She must pick it up in person in either San Francisco or New York so we are going to New York. My, we have worked hard for this. Mother has telephoned Washington twice to talk to the Passport office. The second time, the Director said to Mother, "What do you mean taking a tiny baby out to China?" And Mother hastily explained that it was easier and safer to take a tiny nursing baby than an older child and that a woman was urgently needed on the field to relieve Mrs. Morse who is ill. To her great relief the answer came, "Your passport will be on its way immediately." And then, she has had a lot of unfinished business to think about in California. Our trunks and boxes are out there and Aunt Lola Mae is selling the furniture we had to buy to get an apartment. Yesterday when Mommy had a wire that the furniture had been sold she was almost as relieved as she was today. We have visited the Broadway Christian Church at Lexington, Kentucky and the Springfield, Ohio First Church of Christ and were to have gone to Sebring, Ohio, this next weekend, but now there is too much to do.

OCTOBER 1 — Well, we are finally off to New York and Grandmother Maxey is still with us and I am so glad. She has been

taking care of me almost as much as Mother has ever since I was born, while Mother tended to shopping, getting shots and doing the business. Now I will have her to make over me, while Mother does everything in New York.

OCTOBER 2 — Imagine our surprise today to have a cable from Father suggesting we wait until spring to come to China. Mother has our passport and must use it before November 17 or return it to Washington so we are going anyway. But we certainly wondered why and what and when for a while. We know that our Daddy wants us to come, but he says he cannot get our boxes over "the Hump". He thinks it would be easier to get in some other way. Mother is still sure there is no other way, so is going ahead as planned. She says she couldn't go through all this again and anyway, she has "burned all her bridges behind her" although I didn't see her do it.

OCTOBER 6 — Yesterday we cabled Daddy Warren that we were sailing from Boston for Calcutta on Oct. 17th and our trunks and boxes, including seven boxes of medicine for Miss Dorothy Sterling are going from Texas to Calcutta. Then today we received two air-mail letters from Father, saying he plans to take our boxes which he has with him by plane into China on October 1. Well, Mother doesn't know whether to be glad or not. She so wanted Daddy to meet us in Calcutta, but if he could get that three and a half tons of supplies taken in free of charge to Kunming China, that is too wonderful for him to miss.

OCTOBER 15 — Mother, Grandmother and I have had another big day of leave-taking from dear Christian friends. The three of us stayed, while in New York, with Margaret and Ruth McGinn. My, how I did enjoy their apartment. Best of all, when they were at home in the evenings and on Saturdays and Sundays. Then I got to visit my great Aunt Isabel in New York several times, too. She thinks I am smart as well as beautiful. Most folks just think I'm beautiful. Even the people at the hotel here in Boston where we are staying, seem to think so. They are so good to me.

OCTOBER 19 — We were supposed to sail the 17th and Grandmother Maxey left us on the 16th after seeing our things put on the boat, The Marine Panther, and seeing the sights of Boston. Although we came on the boat the 17th, we did not sail until today. Mother had me up on deck to see us leave the U.S. mainland behind. It was a gorgeous day and this ship — a diesel-engined troop-ship — is fast. We were out to sea in no time at all. We are going directly to Calcutta and the ship will bring back about 2500 troops for Christmas at home. Won't they be happy?

OCTOBER 25 — Well, this is the day we came through the Straits

of Gibraltar and entered the Mediterranean Sea (had to ask Mother to spell that one). The trip so far has been quite rough, windy and rainy. For several days I had to keep my eye on Mother almost all the time so that I was sure everything was all right. Our cabin and the things in it rolled so much. Mother was almost the only passenger who never missed a meal. My, I am so glad she wasn't sick and I wasn't either. We have a cabin to ourselves with a little private bathroom in the isolation ward of the ship's hospital unit. How grateful we are. There are lines strung up all over the cabin for my "white flags", but we don't mind. I sleep in my buggy which I have been doing since I outgrew my bassinet. Mother bought the buggy in Cincinnati. In the daytime, she rolls me out by an outside door for fresh air. There are no outside portholes in this boat. All the medics, going and coming, stop to talk to me and play with me. We have such good times together. Most of them have a baby at home or want one, so I try to keep up their morale.

OCTOBER 31 — Tomorrow we make our one and only stop on this journey at Port Said. That will be just half way. We will then have travelled thirteen days and tomorrow we will enter the Suez Canal, when our turn comes. We will travel thirteen more days to Calcutta. I am going to send this back to Grandmother Maxey as a Christmas Greeting to all our dear friends in the States. I asked Mother not to go to the Halloween party tonight, but to write for me instead. This she consented to do while I obligingly slept. I have a time anymore, knowing day from night. We have already lost seven hours, on this trip, and everyday we lose an hour my schedule changes. So now I am sleeping all day and awake nearly all night. Of course, I am unusually grouchy the last few days because I had my second shot for diphtheria, whooping cough and tetanus. Yesterday, the transport commander of this ship, Lt. Col. Hansche took a lot of pictures of me. He has a dark room on board and will soon have them finished. I do hope they are good so Mother can send some back. We have had such a good trip. The Mediterranean Sea is so calm and blue; we have seen a lot of countries from a distance already. I counted twenty of the United States that I have been in.

NOVEMBER 13 — Something happened to our ship and we had to stop in Colombo for repairs. We are so anxious to get to Calcutta that we feel like crying today. We keep wondering how it will be when we get to Calcutta? Will daddy be there? If so, how can we get our supplies in? But, if he isn't there, how will we manage without him? Mother and I are very homesick to see him and Mother says she will rest easier after we are all together again. Many times she bends over me each night to see if I am all right and able to breathe easily.





On shipboard. Age-5 months today.

NOVEMBER 15 — We arrived in Calcutta, India, today. I never saw it, but Mother said she would never forget watching the pilot come out to the ship at 3 A.M. He came in a large red row boat with twenty men, all dressed in white, and all rowing exactly at the same time. A search light followed them and the pilot stood in the center in a white uniform with gold trim. He looked very imposing. Then, he came aboard and piloted our ship up a long river to Calcutta. Mommy and I were so anxious as we came up to the dock to see if Daddy would be there to meet us. We wanted *so much* to see him! But we knew that if he was not there, that was good news too, because that would mean he had been taken into China with all of our supplies, by airplane. Well, he wasn't there. Mother watched and watched and finally some friends she used to know in China came to the ship and brought her a letter from Daddy. She was so glad to get it. But you can't imagine how disappointed we were to know Daddy had gone *just one day before we came*. And if our ship hadn't had trouble and stopped one day in Colombo, we could have gone too. Maybe you think Daddy didn't want to wait. But you see, that trip that took our things into Kunming, China, was the last trip the U. S. Air Force planes made into China. They had to be out of China by November 15. So after that trip, we would not have been able to get our things in at all. Mother and Father called that one of God's miracles for us - after three long months of waiting in India and trying every way to get our supplies in.

NOVEMBER 16 — We didn't get to our room until late last night because they wouldn't let anyone off our ship for so long. But our friends brought us to a nice room Daddy had rented for us in a private home. Our room was full of yellow chrysanthemums. Daddy had put them there along with gifts for us - a pretty embroidered

dress for me and some black moonstone earrings for Mother. He had written us a beautiful poem, too. Did you know my Daddy is a poet? And also he had written a letter that it will take Mommy days and days to read. In it, he told her just what to do, where to go, what to say, what to pay and he drew careful maps (Mommy showed me). So even if Daddy wasn't here, he made us feel very much loved and taken care of.

NOVEMBER 30 — Kunming, China. It has been two weeks since we arrived in India and finally yesterday we flew into China. But those two weeks were necessary, Mommy says. One reason is that our freight (which was sent from California by ship) hadn't come yet and still will not come for many months. In it were all my clothes for five years and all Mother's warm sweaters and skirts. Oh dear! But even if it had come, we couldn't take it into China. There isn't any way yet except in an airplane. All the harbors and roads and railways have been bombed so much it will be a long time before they can be used. So Mommy had some warm things made here for us both. We've worn summer clothes until now. Then we had to get special permission to take in more than 35 pounds with us, so Mother cabled the Chinese Government for permission. They let us take 75 pounds and also we could carry a pillow (Mother filled the pillow case with stockings and underthings); a blanket (Mother folded all my blankets together over her arm); me — Mother had me in a fur-lined corduroy bag we had brought from the U. S. (It was also lined with all the diapers it would hold and had two pockets in the top which were full too). We could take a handbag. (It was a wicker kind that stretches and pulls a lot and was really full) and a typewriter. Mother wore two pairs of pajamas under her wool slacks and all the sweaters she could get on as well as a short coat with pockets inside and out — all full. All of this was put on the scales at once and did not count on our 75 pounds of baggage. I don't know how much we weighed, but I heard Mommy say before we stepped on the scale, "The baby weighs 20 pounds without anything on and I weigh 190 so don't be too shocked". When we got on, everyone around us began to laugh, but they never said anything about it. All that was on one ticket. And everyone else around us bulged as much as we did. One Chinese man had four new hats, one on top of the other, sitting on his head. But, even so, our plane ticket and forty extra pounds at \$3.00 a pound cost us \$700 to Kunming. Daddy and all our four tons of supplies had gone in free. Daddy had taken soap and sugar for five years from India as he went in. And speaking of Daddy, you ought to see how he beams at having his family all together again. My Daddy is such a smiley man. We're all so happy!

DECEMBER 11 — Today has been another of those "getting ready to go" days. We have lots of them, it seems to me. And I guess

we'll keep on having them, because Mommy says we've just finished the easy part of our journey, and now we'll begin the hard part. I don't know, though, I haven't found any of it really hard. Sometimes, I get a little anxious about newsensations. I've learned it feels different to travel through water and through air than it does on land, but I don't mind any of it, and I like the air the very best. So I'm looking forward to tomorrow, when Mommy and Daddy and I - early in the morning - will fly again - this time together.



Main Street in Kunming, China.

We will be in a small plane, and it will carry half of our boxes to Likiang (Lee-jang). It will get us there in an hour and a half. And it will cost less than traveling by horse and bus on the ground, and will save us a whole week of traveling. We've been packing and packing during

the last eleven days - here at the China Inland Mission Home. All our things had been packed for small space, and had to be repacked for light weight, so that each box would weigh about 90 lbs., because one horse can only carry 180 lbs. - 2 boxes to a horse. The boxes are small, so they won't knock the horses off the mountain trail. My Daddy built them to special measurements, in America, before I was born. People here in China like me, as much as folks in America did. And I like them. I guess it doesn't make much difference where you are if you like people. Tonight we are going out to the airport to stay, and will be "leaving civilization behind." I asked Mother what that means. I notice it is already very different, almost no automobiles, no paved streets, only a few telephones, and no street cars, but she says we won't have electric lights tomorrow night, and no rickshaws or automobiles at all, and no nice stores - although the stores here don't seem very special, after America. And all our travel, after today, will be afoot or on horseback. From Likiang to Pugeleh there will be fourteen days of such travel. And up country there will be no stores at all. Well, I can hardly wait to see what it will be like, and some day I'll write back again and tell you how it was. But now, it will soon be Christmas. We will be riding along on our long

caravan journey when Christmas comes. So I'll send greetings from us all by saying, "And now, as Tiny Tim would say, 'God Bless us Every One'."

With love,

Janet Leigh and my parents  
Warren and Isabel Dittmore



# JANET'S DIARY

## VOLUME II

A continuation of Janet's Diary—1946 and 1947



This is the way I travelled for 12 days at age  $1\frac{1}{2}$  years.  
I enjoyed it, too.

## JANET'S DIARY

### VOLUME 2

A continuation of Janet's Diary, 1946 and 1947

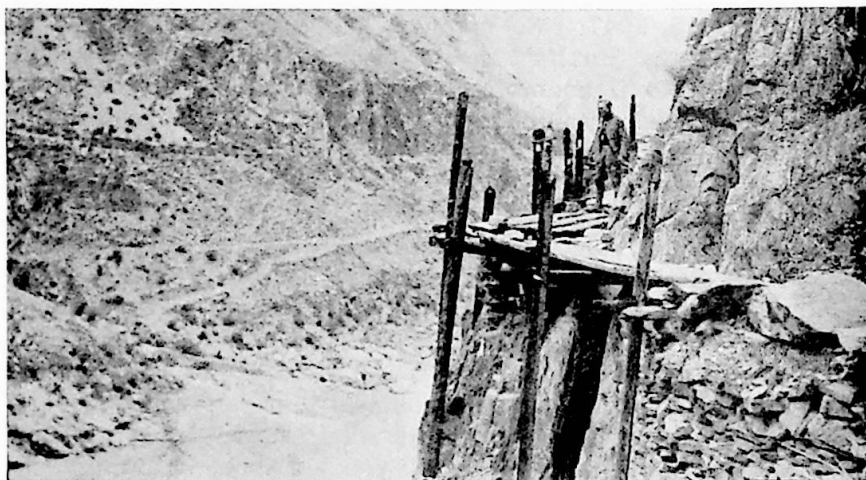
DECEMBER 16, 1947 — So many people have asked me to go on with my Diary that finally I have persuaded Mother to write it for me and send it to Grandmother Maxey to give to all my friends. But this being the beginning of life with playmates - having skipped 2 years after arriving in Pugeleh - I will first go backwards and tell you a little bit about 1946.

I've grown a lot in these two years and Mother says she believes she has too, but I don't see what she means, because she has lost 35 lbs., since I wrote my first Diary. In that Diary, I arrived in China by plane and met my Daddy, who had not seen me since I was one week old. He was so happy to see me and Mommy, and we were so glad to see him that we had to tell our Father in Heaven thank you over and over again for bringing us all safely to China and together again. You see, it was what they call a modern-day miracle - but I haven't space to tell you all about it here. Only - God just kept on performing miracles for us, and first thing you know, I found myself being put into a little plane with Mother and Father and lots of boxes, early one morning, and then I went to sleep for a little over an hour, (travelling in the air is so restful) and when I woke up, we were beside a beautiful snow mountain and starting down to land at its base. There were horses to meet us and take us and our boxes into Likiang (Lee-Jang) and two white men (Mr. Starr and Mr. Siering) helped us. That was my first horseback ride. It was a three-hour ride into town. Daddy went back to Kunming and came back in it next day with the rest of our boxes. And so we didn't have to bring our things by truck over the rough "Burma Road" and then five more days by horseback. And Mother said it saved us lots of expense too, whatever that is.

CHRISTMAS DAY, 1945 — We are half way to Ai-Wa, and I must say I enjoy travelling by caravan just fine. Mother and Father were riding horseback, and I heard Father say to Mother several times when the horses were so close to the cliff edge that the least slip was dangerous, "Mrs. Dittmore, you are a brave woman!" And that would make Mother so happy she would smile all day, because Daddy is so much stronger and more adventurous than she is, that she feels ashamed. I don't know how I will turn out, but so



far I do love this kind of travel. I sleep in a basket. (Mother says it is like a large laundry basket at home.) It is all soft, and I have a fur-lined bag so that I am warm as toast. A man carries me on his back. I have a white cloth roof and net over me, and we stop whenever I cry, and Mother feeds and changes me. And then at night when we arrive, Daddy unfolds my baby buggy and I can romp and kick and visit all the people who come to see the white baby and her buggy. In fact, between you and me, I think they are more excited over the buggy than over me.



Typical trails on the Caravan route

JANUARY 5 — This morning our family arrived at Pugeleh, about 10 A.M., and I met Mrs. Morse, Ruth Margaret, and Miss Sterling. I smiled and smiled at them, because I wanted them to like me so much, and sure enough they did. I was glad to stop moving for a while, for I must say, riding down that mountain so fast nearly shook my two teeth out. Until this morning, for five days I had ridden with Mother. She knew she could not climb over the pass, and could not hire a horse for that journey either, so at Weisi (Way-she) we hired a whagan and my basket was put behind Mother's seat and we were carried by four men. But this morning, since we were over the mountain and half way down the pass, we sent the men back and in a few hours had come down the miles and miles to Pugeleh.

In my  $7\frac{1}{2}$  months of life - I have travelled by car, by bus, by train, by ship, by plane, by rickshaw, by horse, by whagan and on a man's back, to say nothing of a baby buggy! I forgot to say that Daddy did not ride over the pass. He walked. And he said he kept looking for it to be hard to cross, and first thing he knew he was over the top, (he forgot to say it was after two days of climbing) and he still hadn't found anything hard about it. He loved it.

MARCH 1 — I don't know very much about how little children live in America, so I don't know if my life has been very different from theirs or not. At Pugeleh, we live in two houses which we call the upstairs and the downstairs. Daddy put in a nice stone stairway between them, for no one had really lived upstairs till we came. When the Morses had finished moving all their things to Tada (Dada) and went up there to live, in February, Daddy put a window into the inner room of the upstairs house - which is mud - fixed the floors up (as the beams were rotting underneath) - and we moved up there. It was so much fun, Mother and Father said, to get out the things they had packed during the years of waiting and set up their new home. They put linoleum down in the sitting room and on desk and table tops, put the little heating stove up, put the sewing-machine back together and fixed a skirt for it and a pretty mirror over it. Daddy made me a play-pen bed and put it in the corner near the stove. Mommy put up curtains and made boxes into seats with covers. Then they dressed up their bedroom fancy too, and there - while Daddy was away on a trip - Mother painted the bed and chair and clothes box - made by Daddy for me. But what they liked best of the things they brought - not counting me, of course - was Daddy's books - lots of them, and, as Daddy says, "Every one a jewel." So we have a snug, warm mud house for me to play and sleep in and for my parents to study and sleep in, but we eat our meals downstairs in the bamboo house, where the kitchen and dining room and medicine room and storeroom and three bedrooms are. And Aunt Dorothy - when she is home, - which isn't very often - comes up here to study too, in the daytime. It is too cold downstairs.

APRIL 15 — I seemed to be the only one, all winter and spring, who wasn't trying to learn to talk this new language. I say, "Why be bothered?" Daddy studies Lisu for seven or eight hours a day while he is home, and Mother, who can talk Chinese and must manage the house, puts in two or three hours a day. Even Aunt Dorothy understands Lisu quite well, it seems to me, but she still studies every minute she can. I still sleep quite a lot - outdoors in my buggy whenever it isn't raining. It isn't very exciting, but now and then there is a break in the monotony. One break was when I went with Mother and Aunt Dorothy to the Easter Convention at Madi. I loved that, and met hundreds of people there, all of whom paid so much attention to me that Mother said she was afraid they would spoil me. Imagine that! What does she mean, anyway?

JUNE 20 — Daddy has been away from home for several trips this year. Some just nearby for overnight, but once for two weeks, to Gota (Goda), teaching school, once for over a week at Tada attending the Easter Convention with Mr. Morse and Eugene. But the biggest trip, was when, shortly before my first birthday, he went



to the Mekong valley to visit those churches. He only expected to be gone two weeks, but the people begged so that he stayed a month, and wanted to stay even longer. He knew that he must confer with the Morse family before they left for a furlough, though, so he told the Mekong Valley folks that he would come back in August and hold them a school.

Anzie (Morse) - our language teacher and interpreter - went with Daddy, and she told me that on my birthday Daddy woke up singing "Happy Birthday to Janet," and he missed me and Mommy so much he could hardly wait to get back to us. So it was a great disappointment to him when I did not recognize him when he came. Mother was so excited, but I had never seen anyone so muddy and wet, and he had a long, bright shiny coat on and a rain hat, and his arms were full of wild flowers - roots and all - which he had brought to plant in our yard. So I didn't know him until after he had had a bath and shaved and put on his usual clothes. You see, Daddy had come home ahead of everyone else, making the two-day journey in one day (from 10 A.M., to 7 P.M.,) and in a pouring down rain. He was really dead tired tonight. And when Mother told him we were to leave for Tada in two days, he groaned. But he knows he must go

JUNE 1 - That trip to Tada was really one of the most exciting of our lives, not just to me, but to my Mom and Dad also. Because we had to cross the river, both ways, on a rope bridge, and none of us had ever done it before. There may be a few things the three members of our small family do not agree on, but one thing we all agree about is that we do not like crossing a river on a rope bridge. For my part, I cried like anything during the entire process, and Mother stood there praying, with the tears streaming down her face, while the man took me across. She said she was so frightened for me she forgot all about being scared when her turn came. Father always went ahead and then helped me and comforted me until Mother arrived. The first time, they tied me into a deep basket and tied it on to the saddle (a wooden tube which fits over the rope bridge, and which a person clasps his hands over when he slides across) and a man went over, with me swinging under him. Mother said, "Never again" - that that was trusting too much to a strand of rope. So coming back - a week later - we had the man hold me in front, tied close to him, but having to lean way out so I couldn't possibly rub against the bridge as we slid. Both times we slid on that rope like what Mother calls "greased lightning." (Do you know what that is?) When people stopped - on the other side - they either had to be pulled on - as Mother had to be - or turn over and pull themselves on - as monkeys would - and as Daddy and the Lisu did. Well, - as I say - that was exciting, if it wasn't any fun. And maybe some day I'll get so I enjoy it. Mother tells me all the Morse children love it. And My! They certainly do have a pretty

new home in Tada. I never saw so many pretty glass windows - though I admit my experience with glass windows is very small. While we were there, I tagged Ruth Margaret all over the compound. Did I forget to tell you I am beginning to walk quite a bit now and to be able to get around almost anywhere, by crawling or holding on to things? And that makes life so much more interesting, don't you think? Getting around, I mean.

JULY 10 — The Morse family left for furlough today, and we took movies of their going, even if Daddy was in his pajamas and robe. And I must tell you about Daddy. After our visit to Tada, it didn't seem any time until the whole Morse family (except LaVerne, of course, who was already in America) arrived at Pugeleh. It was about a week after we had come home, and how Mother and Father had hustled around, getting ready for them. Father saw so many things needing to be done about the house and garden after his long absence, and Mother does love to have company and get everything fixed up as pretty as she can for them. But then, after they arrived, Father's energy seemed to be all used up. He came and sat at the table with us. We had killed a small pig, and he loved fresh pork, but he just couldn't eat. He sat through the Elder's conference in the chapel too, until Sunday, but he got to feeling worse and worse and finally, he told Mother he just couldn't keep it up any longer. He laid down awhile on Sunday afternoon, but got up again for Church that evening. Then Monday morning he began having such hard chills that the whole floor shook. Then he would sweat until his sheets were wringing wet. Mother soon ran out of sheets and had to begin borrowing Aunt Dorothy's. No one seemed to know just what the matter was, or how to treat Daddy. At first, they thought it might be 'flu.' Well, I played in my pen in the front room while Daddy was in bed in the inner room, and we would play like this. He would call, "Janet," and I would call back - but since I can't talk yet I can't describe what I said. Only I could peep through a hole in the wall at him and laugh, and Daddy said he didn't know what he would do without me. That was only for a few days though, until today, after the Morse family all left. Daddy insisted on sitting in a chair outside all morning to say goodbye, and I heard him laugh and say, "I'll try to see that there is a man here when you get back." Then, this afternoon, Aunt Dorothy told us she believes from the fever chart and the fact that Daddy's blood pressure is still low, that he has typhoid, and therefore would have to be isolated and cared for by someone who does not even touch me or my things at all, and that she, - being a nurse, and not taking care of me, - is the logical one to do it, leaving Mother free to tend me.

JULY 20 — Daddy has kept getting sicker and needing more and more care, and Aunt Dorothy can't keep up taking care of him all

alone. So Mother is taking over half time and Anzie takes care of me. Mother isn't allowed to touch me. I don't understand that, and I cry and cry for her. Sometimes she bathes and puts on all clean clothes and holds me, But Aunt Dorothy says she mustn't so I just have to get along without her for a while. Once in a while I get to see Daddy for a few minutes, but he says he can't see me now, or hear very well either. I feel lonesome.

AUGUST 5 — I saw my Daddy again, and I did not recognize him at all. He was so thin and still, and asleep, in a box that Mother had lined with their pretty wedding-gift blue satin comfort. Mother tries to explain about Daddy to me, but I don't understand it yet at all. Maybe some day I will.



My Daddy Warren

AUGUST 15 — Now Daddy has been gone ten days, and Mother and I are leaving Pugeleh for a while. Aunt Dorothy thought it would be easier for Mother to go away a little while. Mother said she was not so sure, and so, every once in a while, would ask Aunt Dorothy to tell her again the reason she ought to go. (Mother did not want the Pugeleh people to think she might be leaving them, because then how could she preach to them about being a "good soldier", able to endure hardship.) But Aunt Dorothy would remind her that someone had to go to

Likiang to get us tea and silver money, and cloth, and thread, or we could not do the building this year. The termites are eating the bamboo house, and it is dangerous to live in it. Also, we have had to borrow silver money from Aunt Dorothy for months (though she did not remind Mother of this.) So we are going to Likiang, and I think I will enjoy this trip. So many people have come to see Mother, and the preachers have agreed that some of them will go hold the school in the Mekong valley, which Daddy wanted so much to teach.

SEPTEMBER 1 — We arrived in Likiang today. After a five-day wait in Ai-Wa, we were able to get horses and a whagan for Mother and a carrier for me. This time my basket was a deep square one, with a rope seat in one half of it and an oilsheet roof with flaps to let down around me when it rained. The roof was on a little frame, up above the basket, so I could sit in the basket facing out, with my back to the carrier. I had a bag of toys, another of clean clothes,

a little box for lunch and extra cakes for when I was hungry, a can-teen of boiled water, thermos bottle of milk. And I liked the journey fine until last night. But yesterday, it rained hard all day, and we were coming over a bare mud mountain. It was so slick the horses could hardly make it, and on top, when Mother got back into her whagan, one carrier slipped and wrenched his knee so she could not ride any more. The horses were way ahead, and the carriers stopped twice in roadside houses to dry out a little. So, by the time we got to our stopping place, it was dark and cold, and the carriers would not help us find where our horses with our food and bedding had gone. Mother gave me a piece of bread and went to look for them. She went to every house in town, and far back up the road, calling for Anzie at each place, for she was with the horses. But she came back alone, and I was frantic. I had been crying ever since she left, and knew no one in that place. No one took me out of my basket, or helped me at all, and I was so wet and cold. That night Mother took my wet clothes off and found me something to wrap in, fed me a warm meal and we rolled up together in the comfort she had in her whagan. But we were still wet and cold until morning. Anzie found us in the morning. She had been looking for two hours, since 4 A.M., and she was frantic. Now it is all over and we are in a clean, pretty foreign home, with the Starr family, and Mr. and Mrs. Siering, and we can clean up and rest. I'm going to like it here because there is a little boy, Hans Gerd, about my age.



Dressed in my new Chinese padded gown, Chinese shoes and cap—in Likiang.

DECEMBER 2 — What a busy house this is, these days, getting ready for our caravan journey back to Pugeleh, after a little over three months here in Likiang. We have been visiting some very kind missionary friends - Auntie Marta and Uncle Oskar Siering and Auntie Freidchen and Uncle Gottfreid Starr. But I have enjoyed most my three playmates, Hildegard, Waltraut and Hans Gerd Starr - especially Hans Gerd, who is just the age my brother Jonny would have been. You can tell by the names that these people are German, and my playmates could only talk German or Chinese. But that didn't matter, as I talk very little yet, and what I do is mostly in Chinese. (I

hear so many kinds of talk anyway, I haven't decided which to learn first.) Today Uncle Gottfreid and Doctor Toop (an English CIM Doctor), arrived from Tali, bringing our tea and sugar and a few other things - some of which Mamma had left there on her way

home to America in 1941. So now the courtyard is full of our loads being packed up to go on Saturday. We cannot wait any longer, because if we leave on the 7th we will just make it to Pugeleh for the Christmas Convention on the 20th, and we don't want to miss that for anything. There will probably be 1,000 people there, in our little home town (of only four houses and one church). Won't that be thrilling? P.S. I have chicken pox - but not bad.

DECEMBER 7 — Well, sure enough we're leaving today. Although we've wondered every day if we would. I am going to ride a horse. Mother said she never heard of a year and a half old baby riding a horse, and she is afraid. But the horsemen say it will be all right, and when they put me on the "Cha-Tse" (a wooden frame that fits into the horse's saddle) with a bedroll rolled up on each side of me, and a thick pad under me and rolled up behind me, and tied me in by my harness straps, I was so comfortable I'm sure I'm going to like it very much. We only did a short stop today, our first day on the road, but I'll tell you later how I like it. Doctor Topp (who is taking a little vacation) has a camera and took some pictures of me on the horse. If they are good, I'll ask Mother to send you some.

DECEMBER 16 — Today our caravan journey ended at Ai-Wa, and, as always, I cried when they took me off the horse. Especially as we only rode half a day today, and who knows when I'll get to ride horseback again? However, Mother bought a pony in Baloh, and maybe sometime, when I get a little older, I can ride it. As soon as we arrived today, Mother got out her typewriter and wrote letters to Likiang, to Uncle Russell (Morse) and to recommend our horsemen to foreigners who may need them. She says they are the nicest horsemen she has ever travelled with, and Anzie says the same. (But just between you and me, I think a lot of it was because they kinda liked me, and liked to take care of me all along.)

DECEMBER 18 — We had hoped to start over the pass to Pugeleh tomorrow. Mamma went to look at a piece of land for a log cabin yesterday - up above here - on the way to Baloh. Today, she rode her horse Brinker to Kangpu to get some things, especially Christmas tree decorations - she left when she went on furlough. It is usually a five hour journey to Kangpu but Brinker is a fast horse and made it in three hours each way. Still, as Mother started quite late and stayed there three hours, it was after dark when she got back to our camping spot here. Anzie and Mary Fu (a little Chinese girl) took good care of me, but still I was beginning to be a little worried. We are all hoping the carriers come early tomorrow. We found four carriers here, and three took loads and went on. The other went to Kangpu with Mother. They were Baloh Christians.



DECEMBER 19 — Well, instead of being camped upon the mountain as we had hoped, we are still in our unenclosed upper storey at Ai-Wa, and beginning to have coughs - both Mother and me. Anzie started on to Pugeleh today with one carrier for the bedding. Aunt Dorothy had written to Likiang that she must have Anzie's help at the Convention, but no carriers came for us. Mother was so disappointed that I saw her crying. But Pu-Hsi came this evening and he said we must go to Washilogai, to the Mekong Valley Convention, as they are expecting us and want us very much.

DECEMBER 23 — The Christmas Convention is over, and tomorrow we start over the pass to Pugeleh. On Friday afternoon seven young men came to meet us and carry some of our loads to Washilogai. Pu-Hsi carried me "piggy-back" as it is only a few hours away from Ai-Wa. Then, as we came around the last bend of the road to Washilogai, Christians and all the guests who had come were lined up to greet us and were singing a hymn of welcome. It was nice, I thought, and Mother seemed to think so too, though she looked queer and couldn't seem to say a word. This is the church that Daddy prayed so much for in his delirium before he died. Since then, fourteen of these people have gone to Heaven with Daddy - two of them Pu-Hsi's children - in an epidemic of dysentery. The Convention was not large like the Salween Valley Conventions - only about 150 there. But lately, they have been only having 30 to 40 people at their Conventions, so they were very happy. This was the most they had had since the Tobalo flood, in 1940. Today, it is all over - the sermons and the singing and the praying - and everyone is tired, even Mamma. Besides, the Lisu Christians who were going to carry our loads to Pugeleh had to carry grain to Ai-Wa for the Chinese children to eat who go to school (but the Lisu children are not allowed to go). That is one reason why Mother wants to start a day school for Lisu children at Baloh.

DECEMBER 25 — Mother says this is Christmas night, but it has been a strange day for Christmas Day - climbing a very, very high mountain and going down the other side, down and down and down and down until, way after dark, we came to Pugeleh. Last night I think, was more like Christmas. We slept in the open, under the stars, around a big fire, and Mother talked to the carriers about the stars and all the sky, and of Heaven and of Christmas Night and then, early this morning when we woke up, she showed the Jesus Star - "the bright and Morning Star". Oh, it is nice to be home again! Aunt Dorothy met us up above the house in the dark. I was in a basket and we had gone so fast, trying to beat the darkness that my teeth rattled. (I have a very nice set of teeth). They had a very wonderful Christmas dinner waiting and we ate and ate and Mother talked so much I thought she'd never put me to bed.

JANUARY 29 — I don't act very nice in Church. I start singing and too loudly. I get attention that way. Today, I undid the bow at Mother's neck, took one end of the tie and held it up for her to blow. She was very uncooperative.

FEBRUARY 16 — "Little pitchers have big ears," if you know what I mean, - and here are some things I've heard. "What a comfort and joy Janet is to my heart. How I do pray for her health and happiness, and that she will grow up to love and serve Jesus wholeheartedly." This I heard today, and also I heard that I was "cute as a button." I hope it's a pretty button! In addition, I am "as quick as a wink," and "keep everyone jumping." It's nice to keep busy!

MARCH 14, 1947 — You can see that I'm quite an important part of this Mission. Mother tells lots of people that she just doesn't know what she would do without me. She thinks that I don't understand what she says, but she would be surprised. I can't say much, but I take in a lot. And right now, I'm going to have a chance to show Mother she's right, because Aunt Dorothy and Anzie left today and expect to be away about two months. They're going to go to every church to the north, and stay three days with each one. Mother and I and Anzie were away for one month - at Madi - from January 11 to February 10. It was so much fun. We lived in a Lisu house and I do love that. I could sit by the open fire and pop corn - or rather, help all the other people who were popping corn to eat it. And there were lots of people around, most of the time. But during the day, Mother and Anzie were busy teaching school, and Mary Fu watched me - except that every time I saw she wasn't watching I ran away. There were so many paths around the bends of the mountain and I was trying to see where they led. I haven't told you who Mary Fu is yet, have I? Well, I will before long, for she is my pal.

MAY 5 — Aunt Dorothy and Anzie are supposed to come home tomorrow, and how we have been cooking and fixing things up, getting ready for them. Really, Mother has been getting ready to surprise them ever since they left. She fixed us up a new bedroom downstairs and made it light by having a big piece of glass put into a grass roof overhead. I forgot to tell you we have a new dining-room and kitchen, but our bedrooms and storerooms are just the same until next year, because we had to use the poles and mat walls and grass we had bought for a new house, which will be a school dormitory, and there wasn't enough left for the rest of our house. Mother also fixed us a nice sitting room downstairs. There are eighteen boxes in it - so as to empty our part of the storeroom for the Reeses to use when they come - but you wouldn't think it. Eight of them make bookcases (with the bottom ones full of other things

because Mother thinks I'm too hard on books.) But I ask you, how am I to begin learning anything if I can't get hold of a book now and then? Mother has two bookcases on either side of her portable organ, and a shelf across the top with a dark blue ruffled cover and more books up there - all her English, Chinese and Lisu hymnals and Bibles. Then on each side of the room, two boxes full of medicines, stationery and school supplies. They are locked up, though, so that keeps me from enjoying them, and they are covered with blue Tibetan rugs just alike. On the other side, Mother has two boxes on each side with a long wide board across the top, covered with dark blue cloth and a skirt around the bottom, and a pleated ruffle across the empty space in front, and this is her new desk. She has a small box in the middle on top for things she needs handy, and another box covered for a seat in front of her. Now you count up, doesn't that make eighteen boxes? But it looks kinda nice, and not a bit like a storeroom. That is the same way she did the medicine room. Now she has stacks of boxes in there with open shelves and boxes of medicine on top of the stack (to keep me out of the medicine, she says). That is all right with me, for I've already had too much medicine to suit me, I can tell you. I hate the stuff, and it takes three people to hold me and a half hour of their time besides, to get it down me. They tell me it's cod liver oil and vitamins, but it's all the same to me. I wish there were more vitamins in pie and cake and not so many in cod liver oil.

MAY 12 — This has been such an exciting day. We had a birthday party for me today. It is two weeks early, but since Aunt Dorothy and Anzie will not be here for my birthday, and since the packages from America came last night, with nice things in them for me, Mother decided to have it today. She made a pineapple upside down cake, with two big yellow candles on it, and I had some pretty packages to open on the table in front of my high chair. I was too excited to eat after all that. I must be getting to be a big girl now. Mother said she was so glad to see some new dresses for me, from Grandmother and Aunt Lola Mae Dittemore. As for making me a few new clothes, Mother has broken her sewing machine. We don't have time to sew, anyway.

JULY 30 — Tonight, Mother and Aunt Dorothy are talking about food. They seem to be hungry for cornflakes, Ritz crackers, tomato juice and ice cream. They compromised for peanuts - (We *have* peanuts).

AUGUST 15 — Yesterday, Aunt Dorothy wrote a letter home. She won't care if I lift one of the paragraphs since I am personally interested. "Isabel's little Jinny is one of our brightest spots here, if she can be called a spot. She is such a happy child, and is growing so fast. Just now, she is begging me to come and romp with



her out in the yard, but the windows and doorway are all so full of students wanting medicine for this or that ailment, I can't go out."

AUGUST 27 — I hardly think it is fair to me, I read part of a letter to my Grandmother which said, "I wish you could see your filthy dirty granddaughter (meaning me) right now." All I did was go down by the washhouse and play in the mud after I had been put to bed for a nap. I lost both shoes in the mud but someone found them. My Mother is canning apples, grapes and peaches. All summer, Aunt Dorothy and Anzie and Mother have been teaching in a school for young preachers. There are 45 young men studying. Most of the time, Mother has been teaching two classes. It takes a lot of time, but she loves it.

SEPTEMBER 2 — When Daddy was in India, he bought a narrow bolt of red flannel. Now, my mother is making fast-growing me a red wool dress trimmed with a red and blue tie of his. She is also making a green wool dress from a bathrobe, and another grey tweed "creation" trimmed with one of my Daddy's plaid ties. These dresses are what designers call "utilitarian".

SEPTEMBER 17 — Today we had a package from Grandmother Dittemore. She sent me a lovely doll and some pretty new clothes. I am really not vain, (or am I?). Anyway, I love pretty clothes. I love butterflies, flowers and stars too. Mother has been unable to sleep lately - so this morning I went to eat breakfast with Aunt Dorothy. I was bothered not to be with Mother, so I got a cup which Anzie fixed with rice, sugar and milk, but, instead of eating it myself, I took it to Mother. Aunt Dorothy takes me on lots of her sick calls around the village, hoping that some day I will be a nurse or a doctor. I hope so too. These days, Mother is busy - and I am trying to help her - packing up for the move over to the Mekong Valley where Daddy had promised we would go and live.

OCTOBER 12 — Did you ever smell magnolia blossoms? This is my first smell, and I like them. We are in Ai-Wa, over in the Mekong Valley. The children over here like me. They follow me everywhere. I like them too. We have rented a house - one wing for ourselves, and one wing for the Rees family. Now we are fixing it up. Last night, Mother and I slept on boards (like the Chinese do) in a bed-roll meant for one person. The roof dripped on our heads, as it poured down rain. It's a good thing I'm not sugar.

OCTOBER 20 — Today, Mother bought supplies for a year for us and for the Reeses - grain, wood, fat pine, rice, charcoal, walnut oil, chestnuts, whitewash and walnuts. She also made me a pair of overalls. Every time I see anyone with a cut, I bring him to Mother for her to fix up. So far today we have treated two men with dog

2.0942

bites and one with a deep cut. I love to help fix people up, and Mother thinks I will be a good nurse.

OCTOBER 24 — I wish you could see my new black bloomers - or do I? For lack of black tape, we had to finish them in orange. Not so professional. To get our mail, once a week, we have to cross a river in a boat. I love to ride in it, and then hear Mother read letters from home. I have "manufactured" a new word. It is "ock-etty" - made up of three languages. It means to me, "Open or shut the door."

DECEMBER 7 — Lots of things have happened since my last entry - like washing down walls with lye water - whitewashing all the walls - painting furniture - putting up curtains - and now we are all ready for David, Lois, Emrys and little Warren Rees to arrive. We can hardly wait. Mother and I have taken a trip to visit every Lisu church in this valley, this fall - 6 churches. They are so glad we came. Before I sign off, I want to say thank you to the people who helped buy me a thousand dollar war bond trust fund - for seven hundred and fifty dollars. Five hundred dollars of this fund was given by the church which had paid my Daddy's salary - the Broadway Christian Church, Lexington, Kentucky. And I want to thank also the group of Christians at Dixon, Illinois who - because one of them was Daddy's schoolmate - decided to send Mother three hundred dollars a year for my living expenses. I saw her cry when these letters came, and she said, "Of course, I should have known that our Father in Heaven knew what things we had need of, before we asked him."

May Jesus look down where we are and bless us alike.

Your missionary baby,

Janet Leigh Dittemore.

P.S. Mother says that she just read somewhere about a new movie actress calling herself by my name. She says to tell you I wasn't named for her. I had the name two years before she did. And you pronounce my middle name like Lee.



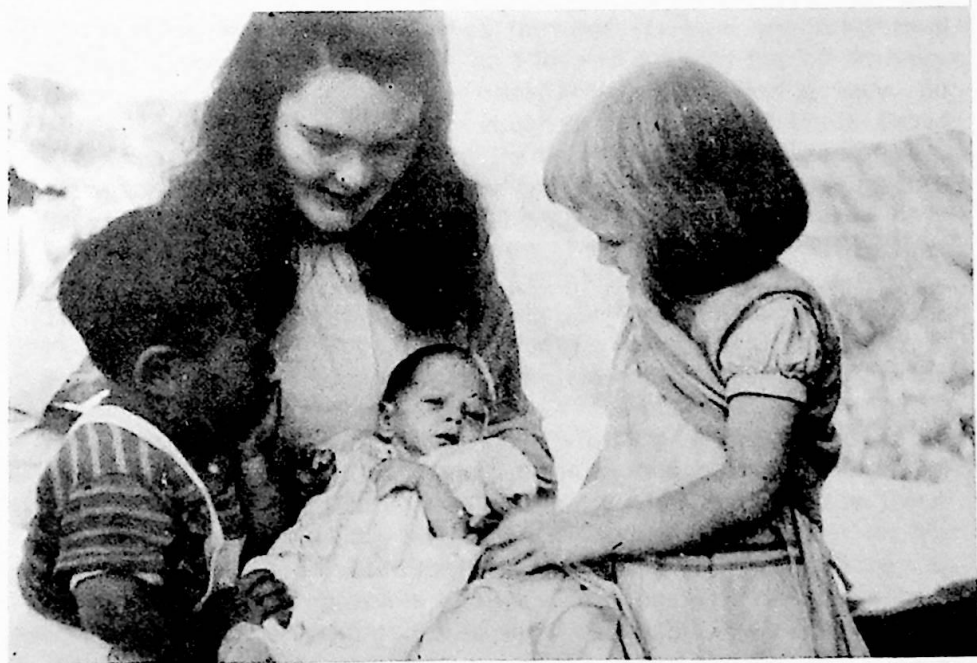
# JANET'S DIARY

## VOLUME III

November, 1947 to May, 1950

In Salween and Mekong Valleys  
and out of China thru Burma

Just after my fifth birthday  
in Hongkong



Mako (Mark) and me with Aunt Betty Morse and Jonathan--baby  
born two weeks after we crossed "the Hump" on foot

## JANET'S DIARY

### VOLUME 3

MAY 4, 1950 — In a few weeks it will be five years since my arrival into the world. I have told you before about that part, my trip out to China and my first two years here, but now it has been a long, long time ( $2\frac{1}{2}$  years) since I sent you my last diary and I asked Mother to please sit down and help me to write it out for you again. Mother says she will, this time, but that I am growing up so fast now that next time I won't need her help. My! There are so many things to tell you about that I think you had better read it like a continued story, a little at a time, so you won't be tired. I will begin where I left off, back in the fall of 1947.

NOVEMBER 24, 1947 — Since my second birthday, Mother has been so busy that she hasn't always been able to keep up with me and my activities — especially during the three months she taught school, from mid-June to mid-September. And one result of that fact was that now I am practically shoeless, having lost — on my tours thru the mud around and about Pugeleh — one half of four pairs of sandals. The thing is, the dogs are all my pals and they love to play with shoes, so when they see me lose one in the mud (or sit down and take them off, as I love to do) they run off with my shoe — and what am I to do, not being able to go as fast as they. So Mother is looking forward very much to the arrival of Uncle David and Aunt Lois Rees who are bringing us some new boxes of supplies from America, including shoes for me. But I am looking forward even more to their coming because they have two little boys and I will have someone to play with. I wonder what they'll be like.

DECEMBER 11, 1947 — What an exciting day this has been! This is the day Mother and I have been looking forward to and preparing for ever since we moved over to the Meking valley at the end of September and rented one-half of a Chinese compound for us all to live in. We've been ordering grain, meat and foods of all kinds ahead for the coming year, having the rooms cleaned and white-washed and even a Christmas tree put up and decorated in Rees' sitting-room. Yesterday and the day before, Mother got on her horse and Daniel, our Lisu interpreter who has been travelling with us to all the Lisu churches in this valley, carried me on his back and we went down the valley to meet them, but they didn't come. This morning, Mother didn't go and sure enough they came — and early — about nine a.m. The caravan road is across the river from

our house and we saw them coming a long way off. We ran down to the beach and called and called and it seemed so long before the boat came across and I saw a handsome little boy, Emrys, and a pretty smiley baby, Warren (my Daddy's namesake). Our parents were all talk and laughter at being together again, but Emrys and I had to take it more slowly, for we had never met before. I couldn't think of a thing to say to him and when I finally could I was talking Lisu and he was talking Chinese, so we could hardly understand each other.

**JANUARY 1, 1948** — Yesterday Aunt Dorothy (Sterling) and Anzie (Morse) came in from Pugeleh and first thing when they arrived Aunt Dorothy gave me a big piece of candy. Wasn't that sweet? But then, today, they both went across the river along with six Lisu student boys and they didn't come back. I kept asking Mother when they would return and she said I'd see them again next summer in Pugeleh. That mixes me up because Pugeleh is over the pass and they went down the river (but I heard Mother tell someone they would return up the Salween river from Kunming).

**MARCH 20, 1948** — Such a strange thing happened today. Yesterday was a beautiful sunny day and we had the closing exercises for the one month school at Dratsilo and the feast. Lots of people came, including Aunt Lois and Uncle David and Emrys and Warren. There were 17 people baptized and after that the Rees family all decided to return to Ai-Wa again—two hours away. They were smart people, we decided this morning when we and all the students and Lisu friends woke up to find everything covered with a wet thick snow which kept on falling all day long. By the time we all arrived in Ai-Wa we were soaking wet and nearly frozen and the hot stove in the Rees' sitting-room felt so good to change clothes by. During the last month of the school, Mother has been having carpenters and mud men working on the shell of house which Bro. Morse built years ago. It had three mud wall sides and a leaky shingle roof and no floor on the second story. At first Mother had cord wood stacked up one side for a private corner, and a partition of canvas between our girls' dormitory bedroom and the rest of the house. By the time school was over we had a stone floor downstairs, windows in the front (fourth) side of the house, the downstairs mud-plastered and a floor in one upstairs room. Next month, Mother and I are going back to Dratsilo and have all the church deacons and elders come work on the building of the house for two weeks. Then she will teach them about their work in the church in the evenings.

**MAY 31, 1948** — We've been having so much excitement I hadn't time to put it all in the diary sooner. For a long time we've been expecting Aunt Gladys (Schwake) and Aunt Melba (Palmer) to stop



On my 3rd birthday



Mekong Valley at Ai-Wa



Emrys and I--with Mother



Baptizing at Dratsilo



and visit us and finally they did come and we came with them. (I'll tell you how we did that in a minute). Today they left and Uncle David and my pal Emrys went with them. The river was so high we had to go way up the river to watch their boat leave. How I will miss Emrys. We have had so much fun playing together on the beach — in between the times we were away from Ai-Wa holding schools or visiting churches. I ordinarily like to travel but I missed my playmates too much to enjoy it, this spring. Mother felt sorry for me and left me behind, one time, but after two days she couldn't stand it any longer and sent Daniel down to Ai-Wa on her horse to bring me up to Baloh. I loved that for ordinarily I'm carried in a basket on a man's back and I want to learn to ride a horse, like Mommy.

Well, this last trip Mother and I took was up the river — to visit the northern churches and also to meet Aunt Gladys and Aunt Melba. We didn't know when to expect them and were across the river and back in the valleys with the Tobalo and Lapolo churches for two weeks. Then we came down opposite Kangpu and crossed the river. Daniel's foot was in very bad condition and Mother's medicines hadn't helped it, so she sent him to Ai-Wa on her horse and decided to wait for Brinker (her horse) to be sent back. She sent on all her loads but one — a little bedding, a very little food and even less clothes. And then next day it began to rain about noon. It had hardly started when someone came running to tell us that two white women and a caravan were going thru Kangpu, but they hadn't been able to get them to stop. In a few minutes some of their horsemen came to the kitchen door to ask for fire from Hlanzon, the Tibetan woman who watches the Kangpu mission house. They told us they were camping on a hill not far from Kangpu, so Mommy suddenly decided I needed a nap — but I knew she meant to go find Aunt Melba and Aunt Gladys. For once I didn't make a fuss because it was raining very hard and I didn't want to go. But when I woke up Hlanzon was bundling me up in rain togs to go out to see my new aunts, because Mommy had sent for me. When I got there Aunt Melba was in bed. They said they had hoped to spend some days with us but the horsemen said they must go on with only a noon rest at Ai-Wa. Mother said, "I'll talk to them and if it is the Lord's will, you can stay awhile." So she offered the horsemen enough money to feed their horses one day if they would wait over one day and they agreed. But next day it rained even harder and the Aunties moved into town with us. We had three days of visiting at Kangpu because the rain had caused a landslide between Kangpu and Ai-Wa. By that time they had decided to let the horsemen take their loads on to Likiang while they stayed on at Ai-Wa for a week. We travelled down with them and had a nice time in Ai-Wa where Aunt Lois and Uncle David had heard of their arrival and had made a feast of welcome for them. When they left, Uncle David and Emrys went along — it was supposed to be to get

supplies and have Emrys see a doctor but I heard Aunt Lois tell Mother that Aunt Melba was going to marry Uncle David's brother Bill and he wanted to be there to "tie the knot."

JUNE 4, 1948 — I didn't count how many days but not long after they left, another white woman and a white man came to visit us from the south going north. It was Aunt Mabel and Uncle Edgar (Nichols) going up to Batang. They came in time, on Sunday, for Uncle Edgar to preach a sermon and they stayed over Monday. Mother and Aunt Lois had been planning to go up to Yea Chi to hold some meetings so we decided to travel along with them. The river was very high and dangerous to cross and by the time we all got across, hired horses and got away it was 10 A.M., and we had to make it to Yea Chi that night. If we had known how far it really was we wouldn't have even tried, but Uncle Edgar's horsemen would be leaving Yea Chi the next day, so they had to get there. The trouble was, Uncle Edgar's man who led his two big white dogs had not waited and he had to lead them. They were very strong and hard to hold. Also they had left him a mean mule to ride that kept running off and bucked and kicked anyone who tried to ride him. So it was between 9 and 10 P.M., when we finally reached the camp of the horsemen. Mother had ridden her horse ahead to get the horsemen to go meet the others and help but by the time they located horses in the dark and saddled them, she heard the folks shout that they were coming. I was with the others and we almost crawled around the rocky cliffs over the water, toward the last. It was pitch dark and how frightened we all were. But God had an angel there to keep us from harm. Mother says He does that specially for His children.

JUNE 14, 1948 — We arrived home from Yea Chi today and Aunt Lois hurried to the post office to see if there was a letter for her. She had heard at Yea Chi that Uncle David was very sick and she wanted to hurry to him, if so. That is why we left Yea Chi in ten days instead of two weeks. But there was no letter at Ai-Wa so we crossed the river and I think that is the last time the boat was able to cross over for several months because of the rains making the river so big. When the next mail came Aunt Gladys said she was taking good care of Uncle David so not to worry. They were in Likiang — ten days away, by then — so Aunt Lois decided she would go over to the Salween valley and visit Aunt Dorothy who had been alone over there ever since she got back from Kunming in April. Mother and I are going over in July, she says, so we will be seeing Aunt Dorothy and our Salween valley friends again, soon.

JULY 31, 1948 — Well, Aunt Lois came home after an exciting two weeks of travelling with Aunt Dorothy and then she got sick. But now she is well again, so Mommy and I left today for Pugeleh. We



are taking along some stone masons to prepare a tombstone for Daddy. I have never seen a tombstone and I cannot remember my Daddy but Mother has told me so much, I want to see him very much. So I'm trying to be a good girl and love Jesus, so I can go to heaven, too, some day.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1948 — We are at Tada and I never saw such a beautiful house. It is the one Uncle Eugene (Morse) built and it has smooth floors, lots of windows (some clear to the floor), a winding staircase and doors that shut and lock. Mommy and I have been visiting the northern Salween churches and now Aunt Dorothy has come up here so we can all have a conference with the preachers and elders. Mother has not been able to sit up for several days because of a big boil but she is trying to sit up now.

I must tell you that I had the fright of my life, day before yesterday, when I came across the Salween river on a rope bridge. Mother says it wasn't my first trip — it was my third. But I don't remember any other, myself. We went down this steep path on the side of a cliff and everybody kept saying. "Keep very quiet because there is a wasp nest down here and we don't want to attract their attention." But when we came down and they began tying me up in a basket and onto a rope, I forgot about wasps. All I could see was that they were going to throw me off that cliff into that water, way down below, and I was screaming and begging Mother to please not throw me away. Mother finally began crying herself and begging me please not to be afraid, that I'd be alright. And sure enough I was. We went sailing out over that water — Daniel and I — and when I got safely across I enjoyed watching the others come. But I heard Aunt Dorothy and Mommy talking about that awful rope bridge crossing today and Aunt Dorothy said it was the worst one she had seen — and she has crossed lots of rope bridges.

SEPTEMBER 7, 1948 — We left Pugeleh today, as we must hurry back and get ready for school, to begin next month at Dratsilo. Aunt Lois is coming over to Pugeleh to help Aunt Dorothy in the school here and Aunt Jane (Kinnett) may arrive in time to help Mother in the new school in Dratsilo.

Daddy's tombstone is finished now and looks so nice. It has his name Warren Perry Dittemore, 1916-1946. Then in English, Chinese and Lisu is written: "He being dead yet speaketh."

OCTOBER 6, 1948 — Well, it looks like the new school has started off pretty well. There are 29 students — ten from the Irrawaddy valley in Burma; nine from the Salween valley and ten from the Mekong valley. Most of them have been here several weeks, helping to build their new dormitory and thus earn enough to buy food ahead for the school term of two months. Mother is so happy (and so am I) because Aunt Jane arrived two weeks before school

View from Dratsilo



Salween Valley  
students at Dratsilo



Aunt Lois, Warren and me  
on Ai-Wa beach



My Daddy's grave and  
stone masons

started. She teaches one class and Mother two and Daniel one. And Aunt Jane studies both Chinese and Lisu and takes care of the sick folks and does everything she can so that Mother can have time for supervising the school and workmen on the house, and time for translation. Everybody is so busy that I am free to roam around and pick flowers, play with the chickens and kittens and rocks and climb up the hill a way. It's lots of fun. Mother calls me her Farmerette.

NOVEMBER 14, 1948 — Today my playmate Emrys came home with Uncle David. Mother and I rode down to Ai-Wa after school and next day we brought Emrys up to Dratsilo so Uncle David could get his loads ready to go to the Salween valley. We have had so much fun and he brought back the cutest little white puppy. (Wish I had a puppy). But today he and his Daddy went away again — this time to Pugeleh. So I'll be lonely again. Just to give you an idea how much I like Emrys, I'll tell you something. The evening he arrived while we were eating supper, he bit me. I began crying but then I thought, "Maybe he'll think I'm not glad to see him after all." So I put my hand up for him to bite again. (Mother says that makes Emrys sound naughty but really he's not very, not any more than I am, anyway).

DECEMBER 23, 1948 — We had our Christmas tree last night at home and it was so exciting. You see, we had lots of people for company and tomorrow we must go to Washilogai for the Christmas convention of the Mekong valley, so we celebrated ours first — with gifts and candy and oranges.

For the last month Mother and Aunt Jane and I have been having a wonderful time — a kind of vacation getting everything done there wasn't time for during school and before the next school term. Mother had been wanting to get away to Kunming for a health check-up for herself and me, so we had planned to leave right after the two-month fall term of school. Then it began to snow on the passes early and at the end of the term it seemed the boys could not get over into Burma or even the Salween valley. So we decided to continue the school for four more months, after a month of vacation, and let the boys work during December and earn enough to buy warm winter clothing and food ahead. Then, next term, they could study each morning and work each afternoon. So this month, we have had eight Irrawaddy students with us. It has been fun. They beat out our rice for months ahead, cleared our gardens, cut wood, helped clean house, grind flour, can meat and prepare a foundation for a log cabin Mother wants to build at Baloh. Then, Mother sent several boys to buy bolts of wool cloth from Yea Chi (Tibetan cloth) and return in time for Christmas. And guess who came along with them? Uncle Ellis Back and his interpreter-evangelist, Joseph (such a nice man). On their way to Kunming.

They had always heard about how the Lisu people sang and they wanted to hear and meet them. So they met some of the very best of them that night sitting around our Christmas tree. How we sang and worshipped Jesus together and then we had a taffy-pull and ate oranges and nuts. Then the gifts of harmonicas and pencils and soap and cotton cloth for a new outfit for each student were given as from the churches in the U.S. It was fun. So now everything is ready for the convention and then to open the new term of school on December 29th. Several of the boys had to go home, but nearly all of them intend to return by then.

JANUARY 29, 1949 — Today was a happy day for us. Because another room of the Dratsilo house was finished and it is so pretty. It is to be a combination room of sitting-room, study, and dining-room, for Aunt Jane and Mother. Up to now we've all three had to sleep and study and eat in the only upstairs room that was finished, so it seems so nice this way. I like the pretty windows along one side of the room. Aunt Jane's desk is under one (with her book shelves in the wall beside it) and Mother's desk and shelves match it on the other side. They have skylights above with a beam of wood to throw the light onto the desks. Mother says that is "indirect lighting." And she has the prettiest yellow curtains with flowers in them at all the new windows. I heard her say to Aunt Jane, "We may only be able to stay here a little while, but I intend to enjoy every minute in this room while I'm here."

Another great thrill to me is that now I have some playmates at Dratsilo. One is Hsia Hua (Aunt Jane and Aunt Drema Esther Morse' adopted Chinese girl). And also Shu Ing's children. Shu Ing is Mother's housekeeper, since the first of the year. She came down to visit Mother at Christmas time, just as our company from Batang arrived. And Shu Ing went right into the kitchen and helped prepare a delicious meal. Mother hadn't asked her to come and she hadn't asked to work, but she wanted to come live near us so she could be with Christian people again. We all think she is such a blessing that surely God sent her to help. She cooks, manages the household, can always find whatever is needed because she keeps careful track of things (like baskets and ropes and road-covers for travelling, tools for the workmen, etc.). And she knows how and when to buy food supplies and how to store and preserve foods. It really makes this school possible. Because Mother and Aunt Jane are swamped, having new courses and new daily notes to prepare. Daniel studies, too, in the mornings, but translates with Mother each afternoon, getting English notes into Lisu. Then he and Mother supervise the students' work in the afternoon too. Aunt Jane still treats all the sick. So everyone is busy and happy. And so am I. I love to eat Shu Ing's cooking as well as the others, but I like her Chinese cooking best and I sneak down and eat with her and her daughters every chance I get. I heard Mother arrange to pay Shi Ing for my food, so I guess she doesn't mind too much.



Mother and me  
on Brinker



Daniel and his family



At the Easter Convention at Ga-Cher-A-Jay



MARCH 1, 1949 — We have all just returned from a two week vacation preaching trip. The students (all 22 of them) went out by threes (one with us) into new, unevangelized areas to preach for two weeks and Aunt Jane and Mother and I went to Yea Chi, where folks had been begging us to come preach again. My! Mother was so happy there to see the way people wanted to hear the gospel. She could remember when they had found these same people indifferent. But now eight young men made the good confession and were baptized. They had been reading and studying the Bible together for some time and they wanted to live clean lives, to be God's children, preparing themselves for heaven. Mother warned them that Communism was coming and they might be killed for their faith, but they wanted to be ready to die. After the baptismal service was over each new Christian prayed his first prayer. It was very hard for them but they were so happy. Mother and Aunt Jane were singing for joy about it.

Now we are all back at Dratsilo. Mother gave a big feast for the students and Ai-Wa friends and everyone is happy to get back to studies. The students see more than ever how much new preachers are needed. They go out to preach in the churches every other weekend (needing the other week-end to wash clothes, beat out rice, grind flour and so on).

I mustn't forget to tell you about our new bedroom. The upstairs is finished now (the whole house is) and our bedroom is nice. It has lots of windows and built-in cupboards and drawers and the same yellow curtains. Everyone who sees this room thinks it so pretty. So now we have made the former bedroom (a very large room) into the schoolroom. The stone floor was so cold to stand on and for the bare feet of the students that everyone likes this arrangement much better.

MAY 5, 1949 — Today was the last day of school and the boys left for their homes. How we hated to see them go. I loved them everyone and they all made a pet of me. Every week I decided a different one was my favorite, but I liked best the ones who would talk to me and teach me new words. Yesterday was the feast day at the end of school and it just poured down rain. Everyone was tired after exams and blue because the pass was not open yet. It was such miserable weather that very few of the folks from the churches would want to come share their feast. But we were especially blue because Uncle Robert and Aunt Betty hadn't arrived. We had been so sure they would come in before the boys left and had made such plans. Mother and Aunt Jane felt badly, too. But God had a pleasant surprise preparing for us. Just before feast time, in walked Uncle David (Rees) and his interpreter, Shang Da Ko. They had broken open the pass — the first to cross — and had come in that awful downpour. How happy we all were. We had a special guest and it meant the pass was open so the boys could go home.

We've had a happy spring, though. Several things I should tell about. One is — the house-raising. Mother has been building a new building on the Dratsilo compound which can be used either as a school-building or a hospital (sanitarium). She had the best carpenters possible — the same ones Uncle Eugene used to build that nice house I told you about at Tada. The carpenters worked for several months getting the framework all made so it would fit together and the house-raising was set for a certain Tuesday in March. The carpenters were not Christians (though several have become so since) and had some heathen customs for house-raising — like sacrificing a white chicken on the highest beam after the frame was raised, getting a white horse to pull the first log, and so on, but they knew we wouldn't want that. So they asked all the students to pray that no accident would happen and that all would be well. This the boys had been doing for several weeks and yet the rains almost made it look impossible for the house to go up that Tuesday. It rained every day the week before and everyone asked whether to come for the Tuesday scheduled or not. The head carpenter, Er Si Fu, had more faith than the others, for he said, "Tell them to come on Monday evening, rain or shine." All the Christian men from all the churches came to help even though it still rained all day Monday. But Tuesday was a beautiful sunshiny day from beginning to end and the carpenters said, "Your God answers prayer." How happy everyone was that God's face shone upon us that day. We felt surely He was with us and would use this building for His glory. We had a prayer-meeting and dedicated the building to the Lord's service. Then the men began working and the next day — Wednesday — it began to pour down rain again.

The second big thrill of the spring was the Easter convention. This year we had the biggest convention the Mekong valley has ever had, with about 400 people attending. How I do enjoy the conventions. Lots of grown-folks and children to visit with and singing all night long each night (though I couldn't stay up very long, myself). Aunt Jane tried to stay up all night once but I heard Mother teasing her because she did have to take a few hours out to sleep, along toward morning. But that was better than Mother did. She says she can't hold out like she used to. One thing we all enjoyed there was the play "The Good Samaritan" which the students acted out along the road of the convention town, Ga Cher A Jieh. Even our horse Brinker had a part in it. Can you guess what part?

MAY 12, 1949 — Well, what funny things grown people do. It is so hard to understand them, sometimes. My Mother has been planning for months to go down-country as soon as school was out and she has been getting ready to go. Today we were all ready to go. I was already in my basket and Mother had her coat and purse tied onto her whagan and then the mail came and Aunt Jane and Mother, Aunt Betty and Uncle Robert and Uncle David all read it. Then

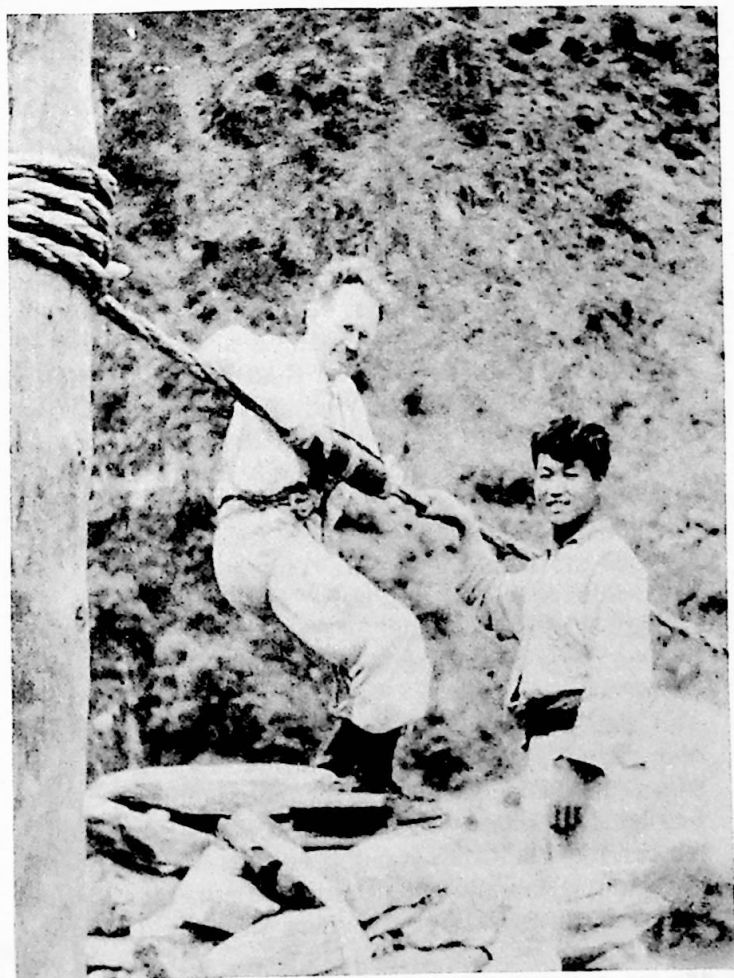




Molly, Hsiao Hua and  
me--at Dratsilo

Uncle David  
(Rees) preparing  
to cross the  
river on a rope  
bridge.

Preacher Gideon  
(later killed by  
Communists)  
helped tie him  
to wooden  
saddle.



they took me out of my basket and told me we aren't going after all. Yes, Uncle Robert and Aunt Betty (Morse) are here. They came only a few days ago, after we had decided they never would. Uncle David was waiting, too, and how we did watch the road those days, down here in Ai-Wa. Then one evening when Mother was putting me to bed, she glanced out the window and saw three people in long heavy raincoats getting into the Ai-Wa rowboat. She ran and called Aunt Jane and Uncle David and she hurried me into my nightie and straightened up the house before she ran out, too. It was the folks (Mr. and Mrs. Robert Morse) and Mr. Back (Uncle Ellis, returning to Batang). They had come on ahead of their caravan. So of course, I got to stay up late that night. My, I did like that, because Aunt Betty and Uncle Robert and I became pals immediately. They know how to talk my language. But today, after we didn't go, everyone decided to spend the afternoon writing letters to send out with a runner. It seems the Communists are trying to take Likiang and we might run right into them. Mother says she's just too tired to face it. She'd rather rest at home awhile and then flee with the others, if necessary. And I heard her tell Aunt Jane she had a feeling she shouldn't go, anyway, because now maybe Uncle Eugene and Aunt Helen (Morse) may not get here and Aunt Betty may need her help. I wonder why.

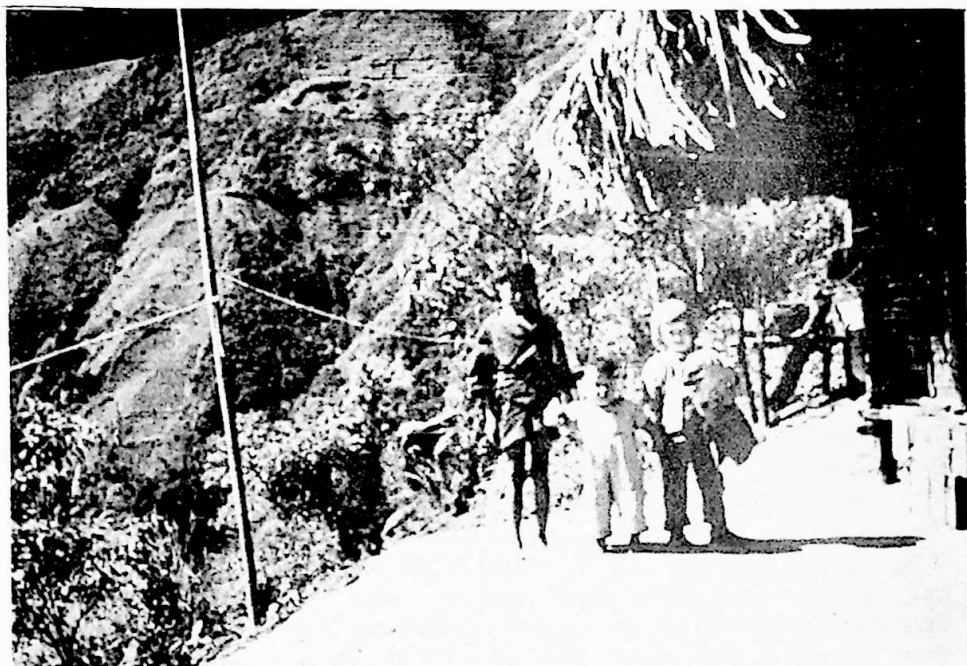
JUNE 15, 1949 — Today the house is buzzing with activity and I'm happy as a lark, because Emrys and Warren (and their Daddy and Mommy) came in last night from over the pass at Pugeleh. My, such getting acquainted! And such talking over of plans. Because, you see, the Communists have come and taken over and we don't know what to expect next. Everyone who has come has acted friendly but they are local people who know us. We have another scare really almost greater than the Cs. That is, the Tibetans. Before the end of May they came down and burned Yea Chi. It is too long a story to explain why. But since it is a band of brigands hired for vengeance and they are killing and burning and destroying wherever they go, we do not know what to expect, from day to day. The local people have all fled, time and again, as the war rages between the Chinese and the Tibetans up and down the valley. We have wounded soldiers here for treatment and are sending and giving out medicines all the time.

One person who has been killed was the most earnest one of the young men baptized in Yea Chi, this spring. His name was Chang Tui Chang. Mr. Chang had mocked Christianity and the Bible for some months, but he was meantime reading the New Testament and it began to take hold on his heart. When he turned to the Lord he was earnest and eager and he did something about it. He organized the band of Christian young men into the Mekong Valley Evangelistic Association and took them on preaching trips into the Chinese villages of this valley. He drew wonderful pictures and used them

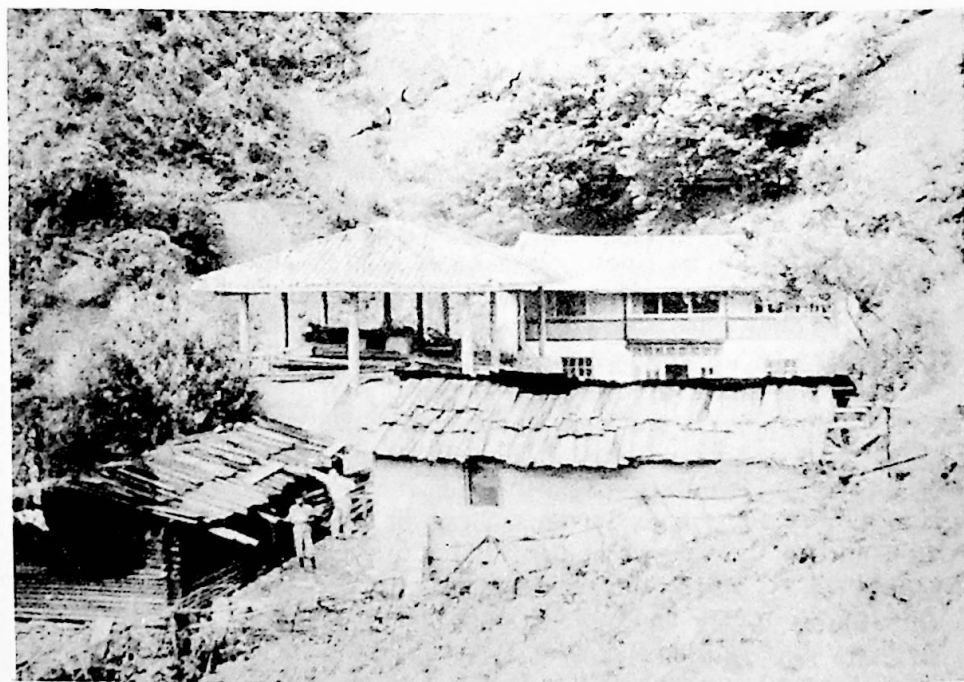
to preach from. Mother has one of them he used on one trip to Ai-Wa. Then he was killed by the Tibetans from ambush when he went, with nine other Yea Chi men, to talk over peace terms with them. It made us all feel badly to lose him when he seemed so needed on the earth — just as my Daddy was. I wonder why? But Mother says God will show us the reason, some day, and he was ready to go, as few of those who have died lately have been.

JULY 31, 1949 — So many things happen and we hear of so many others happening, day after day, that everybody at our house wonders what "today's rumor" will be. But at Dratsilo we have had no real trouble. Mother says we are just having a "war of nerves" but she and Uncle Robert are working on Lisu translations and Aunt Betty is studying Lisu. It is the Rees family and Aunt Jane who went back over to Pugeleh, in the Salween valley, who have had the trouble. They had to flee from Pugeleh in the night, sending loads ahead for days and taking all they could, down to Madi. They have been there several weeks and Aunt Lois has been holding meetings while Aunt Jane took a trip clear down to Adaga, the farthest south village on this side of the river, while Uncle David took a trip to Mukeji, the farthest village on the other side. Mother says both those trips are as dangerous as front-line fighting would be. But of course, they were fighting with God's "Sword of the Spirit" on God's front lines. Aunt Jane's shoes were worn clear out and she was walking barefooted when she got back to Madi.

AUGUST 31, 1949 — Tonight we are sleeping under the stars on the pass to the Salween valley. It is the first time I have slept without a roof over my head for some time but the camping out is not new. Mother and I have been travelling for several weeks, visiting the southern Mekong churches and evangelizing in a new area. We had a long trip planned to other churches but suddenly we had to call off everything and come home. And now we are on the way to the Irrawaddy valley in Burma. It had been Mother's idea that as soon as Uncle Eugene and Aunt Helen (Morse) arrived she and I would leave, but letters from them have been so discouraging (because they were turned back when they started to come up-country to us and were robbed of many of their supplies) that we have all anxiously waited to hear if they would be allowed to come. Now, we learn they cannot come and the American Consul advises us to leave China at once because war may break out any minute (over the Hongkong situation, they said) and they cannot be responsible for us any longer. Since we only knew overnight that we would be coming we couldn't bring much along. Aunt Jane who came back to Dratsilo a month ago is staying behind a day to get a few more things ready and keep people from suspicioning our leaving. But Mother is going now so as to be with Aunt Betty in case of an "emergency," she says. I think Shu Ing and our other



Notice fields near new home in Burma



Home and school we left at Dratsilo

friends must know a little though, because everyone was weeping, including Mommy, when we left. I felt pretty bad myself to leave my friends — and I even had to leave my new little black puppy Mother bought me on this trip. I wonder what will happen to him. Daniel came over with us and some of the leaders of the Mekong churches. We told Daniel a little bit because he will not be going back to that valley until after we've gone. I have heard everyone talk about this awful trip to Burma, so now I want to see what it will be like. Today we will see the Reeses and Aunt Dorothy at Pugeleh and tell them the news. Aunt Dorothy just came back from Burma a week ago.

SEPTEMBER 10, 1949 — Well, we're in Burma. Mother and Aunt Jane are the tireddest-looking people I've ever seen. And it's really no wonder. I declare I never saw such trails in all Lisu country. I'd look ahead and wonder how anyone could ever get up that place (or down over that bare-faced rock cliff) and I could see they were thinking the same. But somehow we made it. It certainly proves God was travelling with us or we never could have, I know. Aunt Dorothy had told Aunt Jane that the road to Adaga was like Fifth Avenue compared to this one and she was right. This wasn't a road at all, not even a trail. But, as Aunt Dorothy said, "It's only a few days out of a life-time and then it's over." Aunt Jane and Mother and I came ahead. Aunt Dorothy and Anzie will come with Aunt Betty and Uncle Robert in case of an "emergency." (I wonder what this "emergency" is.) And the Rees family will be along about the same time. Mother was very surprised when we crossed the rope bridge this time because I didn't cry at all. I could hardly wait for my turn and I enjoyed it so much. Mother said she did too. The rope of the bridge was new and it was in a nice place so we slid way down to the other side before stopping. But over here the swinging bridges scare Mommy more than the rope bridges. Just before we came in to Nyitadi tonight, we had to cross one and Mother said that was the last straw. It "added insult to injury," she said.

OCTOBER 18, 1949 — Today about noon, I arrived at Tiliwagu and I finally discovered what this "emergency" was, everyone had been talking about. It was the sweetest, tiniest little baby boy you ever saw. His name is Jonathan (the same name my brother had) and he arrived ten days ago, two weeks after Aunt Betty and all the others arrived at Tiliwagu. Wasn't that wonderful? I do love him so much and wish he was mine.

Tonight, just before dark, Mother arrived on Brinker. She had to go a long way around with the horse. And it just poured down rain all day. We've been on the way from Nyitadi for seven days, counting Sunday when we didn't travel, and it has rained nearly all the way. Aunt Lois and Uncle David, Emrys and Warren and Aunt



Jane did not come yet. They are teaching in two schools for new Christians — two weeks each for young women and young men. We were in Nyitadi a month helping be an interpreter for everyone and waiting to send letters back to all the folks in China and receive all the loads possible from there before the Communists stopped them. But now Jesse, my foster brother, has arrived to help the folks and will come to Tiliwagu with them. Jesse has been in school in Likiang for several years. He also helped Aunt Helen and Uncle Eugene while they were there. He came home because the schools closed down and Mother and all of us are so glad to see him. He's such a nice big brother (about 17) but he teases me a lot. It has been fun playing with the Rees boys and I miss them, but they'll be here soon.

NOVEMBER 21, 1949 — Today we watched Aunt Dorothy and An-zie, Aunt Betty and Uncle Robert leave for down-country Burma. It was hard for the folks who had just arrived from Nyitadi a few days ago to see them leave but Mother said she expected to see them soon again and didn't mind their going so much, except we'd have liked to go along. But Aunt Betty and the baby need to get down-country to a hospital, so Mother has loaned her our horse and we will wait and go after the Christmas convention. I'll miss Aunt Dorothy's little Lisu boy Ma-Ko (Lisu for Mark) but Emrys and Warren are here and this afternoon Daniel and his family and Aunt Jane's girl Hsiao Hua all arrived from the Mekong valley, so it has been a happy day too. We had such a nice Thanksgiving convention, this month at Tiliwagu. About 600 people came. The Christians had the big circular church house decorated with garlands of flowers strung between the trees. How pretty it was. Mother has her organ here and she played it with Uncle Robert playing his accordion and how the people sang.

Such pretty clothes the people over here wear, too. Pretty long tight skirts in gay colors. The men wear them too. I like these Choh (Rawang) people as well as the Lisu.

DECEMBER 28, 1949 — At last we are off for America. Mother has been telling me we would go, for a long time, and I am anxious to get there now. I wonder if we will see it tomorrow! Probably not, since we got a late start. You see, after we sent all our loads off, Mother and I had Toni. We had mine all finished before we left. She did look so funny on the road putting solution on those wound-up curls and later taking it off the curlers and soaking it. She did all this on horseback and when anyone passed on the road she had to laugh herself at how she must have looked to them. But since we're going to America we have to fix up a little, don't we? Mother says Burma Shave never had a better road ad than she gave Toni waves. The Toni was a Christmas present from Aunt Lois.

And I must tell you about our Christmas. It was so much fun.



New mission  
house on Tiliwagu  
Ridge in Burma

Anzie's funeral in  
Putao, Burma



Last time our "over-the-Hump" missionaries were all together --  
Robert and Betty Morse, Anzie Morse, Mother (and me), Dorothy  
Sterling, Jane Kinnett, Lois and David Rees



Mother and I had been away for two weeks visiting the Wu Nyi congregation and studying some Rawang and Kachin. While we were there Mother was knitting and crocheting as fast as she could and Aunt Jane was knitting hard too. They learned to knit in the spring and it is a good thing because all us children needed warm clothes so badly and they had knit Ma-Ko, Emrys, Warren and I each a sweater. But for Christmas Mother made us caps and Aunt Jane knit us socks. They were so pretty. We had Christmas just after we got home from Wu Nyi and before the Christmas convention at Kong-long-pu. Everybody had a great big sock and all the gifts were in the sock. I made all the children in the compound a little red bag and we put a few little things in them. Aunt Lois made me a pretty red skirt. We had candy and cookies and Aunt Lois fixed the house up so pretty. We left the next day to attend the Christmas convention and returned from there yesterday so you can imagine how busy we have been. We did hate to say goodbye so much but food supplies are running out and all of us but the Morse family and Miss Sterling have been forbidden to do missionary work in Burma, so Mother wants to go see if she can change their minds or whether we must look for another place to work until China opens up again. Aunt Jane and the Reeses are going to spend the winter studying Lisu and overseeing the churches and see what develops in China after the passes open up.

✕ JANUARY 14, 1950 — At Ft. Hertz (Putao). While Mother waits to finish settling the contract with the elephant drivers for the eight-day trip by elephant to Sumprabum, I will tell you a little about our trip so far. It has been a beautiful journey through lovely jungle filled with the singing of birds. How we have enjoyed it. We've camped outdoors at night as often as not, because the rest "bungalows" are in such tumbledown condition. And so far we have met with Christians from our various Burma-side churches all along the way. The third night out a runner on the way to Tiliwagu told us of Anzie's death, last week, at Ft. Hertz (in the very house we are in now) of typhus. It was a great shock to us to learn this for we did not even know she was sick and I had been talking to Mother that very day about how much I wanted to see Anzie. But when Mother suddenly burst out crying I didn't know what to think. I said, "But Mother, isn't Anzie in heaven?" She said, "Yes." "Well, isn't that where Daddy is?" "Yes." "And Jesus?" "Yes." "Well, but you always tell me that is a beautiful place, a happy, happy place." "Yes," she answered, "It is." "Then," I said, bewildered, "I can't see why you are crying." Mother stopped then and said, "Out of the mouths of babes...." Then she told me she wasn't crying for Anzie but for us who are left behind.

On our trip from Tiliwagu, we had horses for five days and then had to find carriers. That took a day stopover and it was Mother's birthday — she won't tell which one — so she and Jesse baked a cake

and we had a real nice meal. The Tiliwagu elder caught up with us there (to travel with us to Myitkyina) and he helped celebrate. Then along the road next day, Jesse picked me flowers and I decorated my basket real pretty for her birthday.

My mother rides her horse behind my basket and I sit facing her on a rope seat in the basket (carried by a man). It also has a rope table in front of me and is covered (to keep out sun and rain). There is a tin of cookies, a canteen of water and my playthings under the seat. Mother sits on her horse and reads, the first hour in the morning, and after resting her eyes awhile looking at the beautiful scenery, she knits. We stopped for four nights at one Christian village to teach and encourage the Christians. Their preacher, Levi, had just gone to Ft. Hertz with Aunt Dorothy to the hospital there, because he has T.B.

Then one day, we came out of the mountains into a flat, wide valley. We came into this beautiful village with wide roads and even wheels. The first wheels I have ever seen. They had several pairs of these wheels pulled by oxen and they loaded things between to be pulled. I had never seen a road wide enough for wheels like that before.

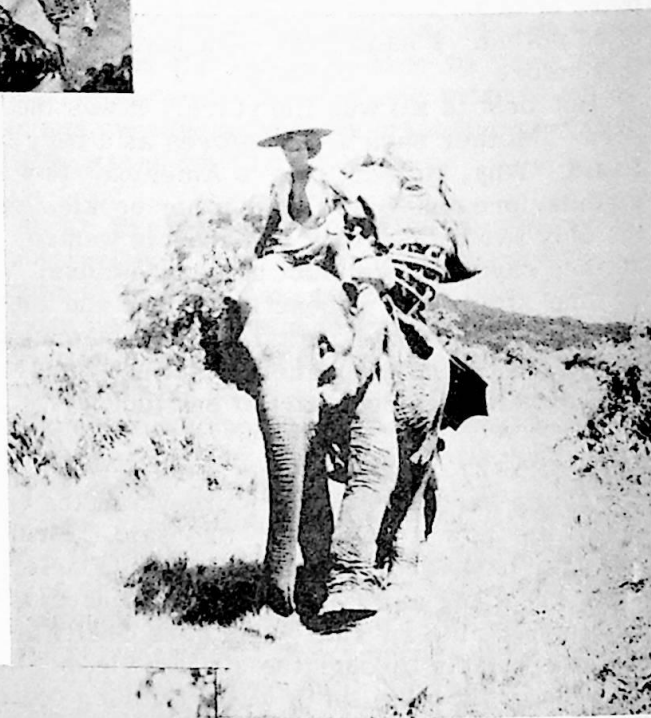
But best of all was the store. It was the first store I had ever seen. (Mother says I saw stores as a baby but I don't remember). I said, "Why, Mother, this is America. Now I'm going to buy you a birthday present." So I bought her cookies and canned milk — about the only two things they had that we wanted. It isn't America yet, Mother says, but we must be getting close. Why, here at Ft. Hertz we are staying in a beautiful house and there is a post-office, a telegraph office, a hospital (not a good one) and elephants. How I love to watch the elephants! And just think!! We're going to ride elephants for the next part of our journey.

JANUARY 27, 1950 — Sumprabum — Well, so now we are at the end of the hard part of our journey. At the beginning, Mother tried to tell me how it would be. She said, "First we'll ride the horse and your basket for 11 days to Putao (Ft. Hertz). Then we'll get on some great big animals (as high as houses) and ride for eight days. Then we'll ride an auto — that goes really fast — for two days, and then we will fly through the air in a big, big bird. And then we will be by a great huge lot of water with big boats that have houses on them and we will sleep and eat in one of those houses for days, on the water, while we go to America to see Grandmother Maxey and Grandmother and Grandfather Dittemore. So I've been watching the roads for this water with boats on it and every time I saw any water I'd say, "Is this America?" It does seem to take such a long time.

On the elephants we didn't cross any river in boats or on bridges. We just sat on the elephants and they carried us across. When we came to a bridge they always went down to the river to cross. We sat on one elephant (Jesse or the elder and Mother and



A nice swinging bridge in Burma



We rode in the basket  
on bedding and rice



Tychichus of WuNyi  
Rawang Translator  
and Preacher

I) in a kind of basket with all our bedding under us. All the loads were on the other elephant. It was fun, but Mother says anyone who gets seasick would be sick on an elephant. He takes such big slow steps and is such a funny animal. But I kinda like him.

Day before yesterday, we arrived at this nice town of Sumprabum and we are visiting such a nice missionary lady — Miss Bonney (of the American Baptist Mission). We went first thing yesterday for smallpox vaccinations because there is an epidemic and they just got in some vaccine (though many people have died with it for months before any vaccine arrived).

Now today — we saw an automobile. It came in in the night so I haven't seen it run yet, but I looked all around it. And I cannot figure it out. I asked Mother where its ears were. I could see its eyes but no mouth, so asked her how it eats and how it walks on those wheel legs. She says I'll just have to wait and see. My, I can hardly wait. They say they will take us next Tuesday and Wednesday, the two-days to Myitkyina.

There are two things I missed seeing on this trip out that I've heard a lot about. One is monkeys. They say the woods are full of them. We heard them, and we've eaten them (and wild boar, bear, deer and wild fowl, too) but I've never seen one yet. The other one is tigers. They say tigers have killed 15 people on the road between here and Putao this last month. So I'm not sorry I missed seeing them.

FEBRUARY 8, 1950 — Rangoon — We've really been moving fast lately. We arrived in Sumprabum one Wednesday, at Myitkyina the next Wednesday and at Rangoon today — Wednesday. From Ft. Hertz we covered 80 miles in 8 days. From Sumprabum to Myitkyina we travelled 120 miles in 2 days — just going like the wind (though Mother says that is really quite slow compared to travel in America). But today was *really* fast. We flew from Myitkyina to Rangoon in five hours (as far as all that other trip from Tiliwagu put together).

And when we landed here, Aunt Dorothy and Ma-Ko and Aunt Imogene (Williams) met us. We hadn't known Aunt Imogene would be there but I was wearing my nicest dress and it was one she had sent up-country to me from her niece in America. Then tonight Aunt Betty and Uncle Robert came to see me. Oh my, isn't it fun to see all our friends again? But how different it is here. Everything is so nice and so many houses — big, big ones. It was nice in Myitkyina too and Mother and I enjoyed every minute of it and every bit of their delicious food. Mr. and Mrs. Tegenfeldt (American Baptist missionaries) were so good to us and they had three little children. I had so much fun with them. Two were girls and as it was the first time I'd ever seen foreign (white) girls like myself, I saw that they wear dresses like Mother puts on me but which I never liked much before. Now I like dressing as they do. And

what fun it is to see all their pretty toys and ride their tricycle. Mother says she will buy me some toys, too, as soon as she can. Mother rode a bicycle of Tegenfeldts around to do her errands. I think that would be fun. She tried to arrange to go back up to Ft. Hertz from Myitkyina but the official said she would have to get permission from Rangoon. So we have come on down — also to get my teeth fixed and see a doctor.

One day in Myitkyina, Mother tried to fool me. A big "fei chi" (Chinese for aeroplane) came over the city and Mother said, "See the big bird, Janet." But I knew better. I said, "That isn't a bird. It doesn't flap its wings." Riding in it was nice at first, but then it got cold. Mother wrapped me in three blankets and I still cried with cold. It was a cargo plane and we had gone up 15,000 feet.

Now, it's warm enough, though. In Myitkyina, Mother and I took off our woolens and wore spring clothes but here we must wear thin summer clothes and we neither one have such clothes, so we must go shopping first thing in the morning. Won't that be fun?

I do wish Jesse was here. But Mother has arranged for him to go to school in Myitkyina. He will learn English there, too, and maybe some day he can come to America. He wants to be a teacher and preacher. There are lots and lots of Lisu Christians around Myitkyina. Many go there every winter to make some money and buy new clothes. So when Aunt Betty and Uncle Robert and the baby go back up-country, some of the Christians will travel home with them.

MARCH 17, 1950 — Hongkong. Every time I write in this diary, lately, I am in a different place. But this is the nicest of them all. The farther we go the nicer it is, so America must be just wonderful. Tonight we arrived by plane and now I have met Aunt Gertrude Morse, Uncle Robert's Mother, and his brother and family, Uncle Eugene, Aunt Helen and David. But the first ones we met were Drema, Anzie's sister, and David, such a pretty baby. We were in Rangoon for one month trying every way to get permission to go back up-country. Of course, it would have meant I couldn't see America so soon, but I would have been just as glad to go back among our Lisu and Choh friends again, and I do miss Emrys and Warren so much. When Aunt Betty and Uncle Robert and Jonathan left we wanted to go along. But it seems that only people who were in Burma in 1945 or before (and their families) except for doctors and nurses, can have Residence Permits. All the Morse family and Miss Sterling have them and could transfer them to us if they didn't use them. So we finally decided it would be better to come to Hongkong and help read proof on the Lisu books Uncle Eugene is having printed so that he and the others here could go on in to Burma and up-country before the rains.

Finally, we have come. I had some very nice playmates in Rangoon and enjoyed it there. We also hated to leave Aunt Dorothy



and Ma Ko behind. They have been trying to get permission all these months for Ma Ko to go to America with Aunt Dorothy and it seems they can go soon now. So we will see them here. On our way from Rangoon, we stopped for five days in Bangkok, Thailand and stayed with Aunt Imogene (Williams) and the Callaway family — Aunt Lois, Uncle C. W. and Leland and Mark. It was just wonderful. I saw streetcars there and I kept teasing to ride one until Aunt Lois took us children all over town on them one afternoon. Bangkok was even hotter than Rangoon but the folks there had such a nice shower bath to cool off in. I did like their boys so much, too. Leland sucks his thumb when he's sleepy and I think that would be fun. I'm trying to learn how.

MAY 15, 1950 — Hongkong<sup>★</sup> — It has been quite a long job, preparing this diary, so here it is the middle of the month. One month ago (and a month after we arrived here) all the Morses left for Rangoon and we have seen the Lisu books finally thru proof-reading, printing, binding and packing. The MIMI books leave for Rangoon, this week, and the Genesis is at press. It will go on a ship the 27th of May and we are supposed to sail on the 29th (two weeks from today) on the President Cleveland. (We hope.) Last time the boat was here Mother took me all over it and I can hardly wait to go. This harbor is full of boats all the time but of those which go to America all but the President boats are freighters and will not take little children. This is a beautiful passenger boat with a nursery full of toys and so many nice things. I ask Mother continually when we can go. She tells me to keep quiet and not bother her when she is working so she can finish sooner and we can go. Then I try to be real still for as long as I can remember.

One thing I am very excited about is that I am to have a birthday party here before I leave — my fifth. I have some very nice playmates and we are all looking forward to it — in nine more days now. I am attending kindergarten this month and enjoying it, too. And another thing I enjoy now since I've had five teeth filled is ice cream. It used to be too cold. Mother says the big trouble is how much she enjoys ice cream and all the good food we've had all spring. She is getting fat.

Mother says I must tell you that even though we cannot work in Burma, and we are coming home for furlough now, that does not mean we are leaving the mission field. Mother has been granted a visa to work in Japan as a missionary and plans to return there to work until China opens up again. Please pray that God's will may be done and ask Him to keep all the dear missionaries in Burma and Thailand and China safe and useful to Himself each day.

Our boat is to arrive in San Francisco on June 17th. After that maybe I can see some of you. I hope so.

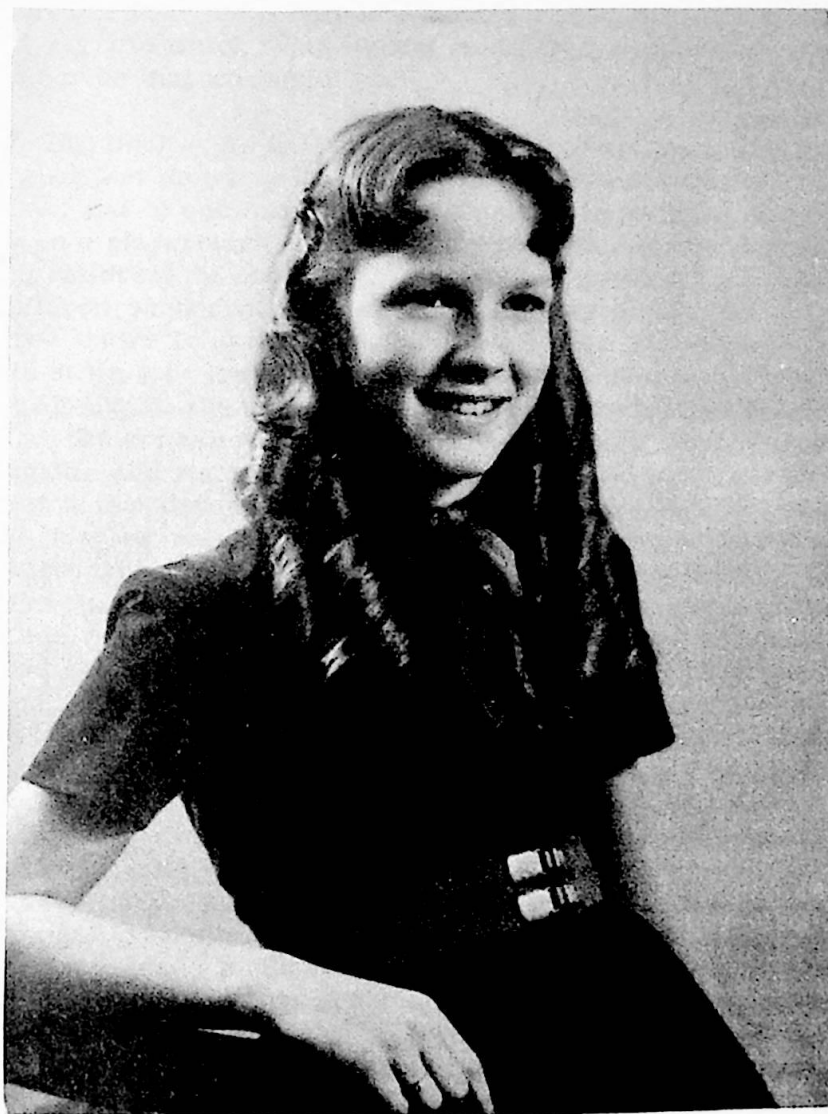
In Jesus' Name, your missionary mascot,  
Janet Leigh Dittimore

# JANET'S DIARY

## VOLUME IV

June 16, 1950 to December 30, 1955

In the U.S. and Japan



Me at age 10--in Osaka, Japan



## JANET'S DIARY

### VOLUME 4

DECEMBER 30, 1955 — It has been 5 1/2 years now since I wrote to you from my Diary. I know, because I sent the last one just before my one year and a half in America - the only year and a half out of my life which I have spent in America. So let me go back and describe that wonderful year.

JUNE 16, 1950 — We will land in America tomorrow, and I will be both glad and sorry. Glad to see Grandmother Maxey, who will meet us, and to see America. But this ship is such fun to ride on. There is a playground, and swimming pool, and special parties for all the children. At one party, I was given a pretty doll. There are 35 children on board. In fact, no other ship is allowed to carry children under 12 across the Pacific, unless a doctor is on it. I love to swim - or try to - but I nearly scared Mother to death one day, by going to the pool without telling her, and when no one else was in. She got worried and found me, and, believe me, I won't do *that* again. Did you ever have a spanking in a wet bathing suit?

Just a few days ago, we were in Honolulu. What a beautiful place! Mother was disappointed because it was a holiday and all the stores were closed, but I was glad, because it was the birthday of a famous king, and they had a beautiful parade. I've never seen a parade before. So *many* princesses, each on a big horse, and dressed in bright colored satin dresses. Behind each one was a band on a "float" with dancers and singers aboard. Well, I'll never forget that.

JULY 14 — What a big place America is, and I've seen a lot of it already. There were lots of people at the ship to meet us, and the first look at San Francisco was like a dream. All the buildings were very white and dazzling, and all the hills behind them very green. And that great, tall bridge is called the Golden Gate to America. It made Mother cry to go under it. That is the place where I was born (rather, Berkeley, across the Bay), so I have now been clear around the world. But the first half was before I can remember. My first trip on a train (to remember) was to Turlock, California, to visit the Bigelows. I had fun at their house and stayed a week, with Grandmother, while Mother went to a Christian Service Camp. Theon Bigelow went with Mother, and came back determined to be a missionary. I loved the Bigelows.

Then we all three left for the states of Oregon, Washington and Idaho, where my Grandfather Maxey once preached for about 16 years. We visited so many friends I can't remember them all, but I do especially remember Boise, Idaho. Grandmother Maxey and I came ahead of Mother and had two extra days there because the children in Boise wanted to have another birthday party for me. (Mother stopped off to visit her living-link church in Zillah, Washington.) The party was fun. I love parties, and I never had any in West China. Then, when Mother came, they had a "tea," for her, and a newspaper man took pictures of us - me in my Lisu costume. My Mother graduated from Boise High School, so they wrote a big story about us. Then we came on to Atchison, Kansas, and here we are, visiting my Grandmother and Grandfather Dittimore, and all my aunts, uncles and cousins. All our baggage came here too, and we have had fun giving all our relatives the things we bought them. But the most fun has been the swing my Granddaddy made me, and visiting my cousins, who live on farms. I'd like to stay here a long time, so Mother says I can come back later, but first I must visit Aunt Mary Ellen (Giese) in Storm Lake, Iowa. Her husband preaches there. And I must visit my living-link church in Dixon, Illinois. Then, after Missions Week at Lake James and Cedar Lake, Indiana, Grandfather and Grandmother will come and get me and take me home for a while till Mother gets us a place to live.

SEPTEMBER 10 — The other day we moved into our new home, and I am like a bird that has flown a long way and finally has found a nest. I haven't had a home since we left Dratsilo, in China, - one year ago this month. This is such a lovely house. We are very grateful to have it. And guess what! The day we moved in, the Max Randall family moved out, and left for South Africa as missionaries. Their big boxes were all marked Kimberley, South Africa, and were picked up by a derrick truck and loaded onto another truck. Then the Randall family got in their car and the family and truck (including an airplane in those boxes) left for New Orleans to sail. The Randalls built this house in Louisville, Kentucky, only a year ago, so it is almost brand new. We bought their share in it and furnished it, with Daddy's insurance money. So really, our Daddy gave us this home. It makes me love it all the more. Maybe I'm thinking of Daddy more than ever (for I wish all the time that he could be with us and I could see and talk to him), because we came here right after visiting all his sisters and his Mommy and his Daddy, and they all think I look like him.

DECEMBER 26, 1950 — I have just had my first American Christmas. How much fun it was! We had pretty trees in China, but never electric lights. And last year, in Burma, there weren't even any evergreen trees. This year, beside Grandmother Maxey who lives with us and takes care of me when Mother is away speaking -



The home our Daddy's insurance bought for us, in Louisville, Ky.



Mother, Grandmother Maxey and me--in 1950

which is most of the time - Uncle Tibbs who lives in Louisville, and Uncle Bryan, who preaches in Jamestown, Kentucky, and their families, were here too. We had had Thanksgiving at our house, so we had our Christmas dinner at Uncle Tibb's and Aunt Norma's house. They have five children, and Uncle Bryan and Aunt Kathryn Maxey have two, so we had quite a crowd. My great-aunt Eliza Maxey was there too. I got so many gifts that I'm glad I have a room of my own, where I have space to keep them. Only thing I don't like is the circus wallpaper I picked out myself, and was sorry for it right away. That's baby paper.

FEBRUARY 22, 1951 — Today was special, because we had Ruth Margaret Morse here for her birthday. Mother had her sing and also Tom and Margaret Myers on her weekly radio broadcast. I love our home and American playmates and my Grandmother Maxey (though I make her cross sometimes), but I do hate having Mother gone so much. She hates to leave me, too. We had never been apart overnight but two nights until we got to America. But she says travelling on such long tours is hard enough on her, but I'm too small to stand it. Sometimes, Grandmother and I go too, though. And last month we went to New York to visit my great-aunt Isabel. Aunt Isabel owns a newspaper and we visited her in the hotel where she lives. It was fun. I was the pet of the hotel, and the lady in charge of the dining room would take me to the kitchen for treats every day. As usual, Mother was always speaking, but several times we went to see people ice skate at a place in the centre of New York City, and one day I begged Mother to take me on a ship again, so we went to the end of the island New York is on, and took a big ferry across to Staten Island. Coming back, we got our shoes polished on the deck, and watched the lights go on in all the tall buildings, and in the crown and torch of the Statue of Liberty. What a lot of fun that was. I loved New York! On our way home, we stopped in Buffalo, New York, and went to speak in some churches. And one day, we went to Niagara Falls. Mother had never seen them either. They were frozen solid and we were afraid to get too close to the edge, but we got close enough to look over for a few minutes. My! What a sight to see.

MARCH 14 — Today, I got to ride in an airplane again. How I love it! I've been begging Mother to take me on an airplane trip, so today she did. It wasn't my first plane ride. I rode in a plane when I was a baby and then on my way home - from Myitkyina to Rangoon, Burma, from Burma to Thailand, and from Thailand to Hong Kong, but never in America. This was such fun because the stewardess let me serve cocoa and cookies to everyone on the plane. I decided to be a stewardess or else a pilot when I grow up. We got off in Kansas City, and went by train to Tulsa to see Mother Morse. Then, she went with us to Oklahoma City to a Convention. Even

though she is very old, she seemed very full of life to me. We stayed at a hotel with Aunt Gladys Schwake, who had been at our house for two weeks in December, when mother got sick with an eye infection and had to be brought home. Aunt Gladys is a nurse-missionary who was in Tibet. We knew her in China, and I like her adopted son Donnie so much. After the Convention, I toured Kansas with Mother, and then we visited with Grandfather and Grandmother Dittmore again.

MAY 25 — I had my sixth birthday yesterday. It was a beautiful day, and Mother decorated our yard with Chinese paper decorations. About a dozen little girls, and all my new-found cousins came, and we had a peanut hunt and games outdoors. American parties are wonderful! One thing I've never told you is that every Christmas and every birthday, Mother gives me two gifts. One is from her, and one is from Daddy. She did it again today. Isn't that nice?

JULY 20 — What a summer this has been. I forgot to tell you, but last December, after Mother was sick, she bought a car and took driving lessons. It took her a long time to get courage for a long trip, but in May, after my birthday, Mother and I started out and drove to Atchison, Kansas - speaking on the way. There, Aunt Elizabeth, one of my Daddy's sisters, joined us, and we drove through Kansas, Nebraska and Colorado on a long speaking tour. We came back to Kansas and went to a Christian Service Camp together at Ashland. Then we went to Manhattan to see Aunt Elizabeth's sons - my cousins, Warren and Sherland, who go to the University there. My Daddy went to the same University, and also to Manhattan Bible College, where we went to see the piano dedicated to Father's memory in the chapel. (There is also a piano dedicated to his memory in the College of the Scriptures in Louisville, Kentucky, the college Uncle Tibbs is president of.) On our way home, we almost got caught in the floods that had killed some people. I guess America can be a dangerous place too. I will never forget that trip, for after we left Atchison, we drove all the way to Louisville and got there way after midnight. Mother and I were really frightened, but we wanted to get home so badly that we didn't stop. And when we got home, Ruth Margaret and Margaret Myers were there. Grandmother was away, visiting some of her other children, because she had decided we need her in Japan, and she wants to go with us. But she came home a few days after we did, and then Mother and Margaret Myers - who is going to be Mother's secretary for the rest of the summer - left for North Carolina to another Christian Service Camp.

SEPTEMBER 10, 1951 — Well, I'm in the First Grade in school, and I sure do love it. I live just two doors from school, so I can

just cut across the back yard next door and be there. Mother says it makes me careless about getting ready on time, for I can hear the bell and run. But now tell me, do you know what? We are packing to leave. We just got here, and I just started to go to school, and now I have to have my tonsils out, and my teeth fixed, and we are supposed to leave here just after the Missionary Convention the first week in November. Oh dear! I begged Mommy to let me stay in America and go to school, but she says I'll have school in Japan. Doesn't it seem hard to you that just when I have started, I must leave? And I do like America so much! I've even gotten so that I like ice cream now, if it is melted.

OCTOBER 15, 1951 — Well, such a rush we have had at our house. Between speeches, Mother has had conferences with lawyers, insurance men, our forwarding agents, shipping companies, travel bureau, doctors, dentists, carpenters, auto repair men, printers and two typists (who are writing all the letters to the speakers for the Missionary Convention, which will be held at our own home church, Camden Avenue, in Louisville Kentucky). Also, Mother has found time to take some organ lessons, and practice in the South Louisville church several times a week. I guess being a missionary is learning how to do a little bit of everything. Mother says this is being "all things to all men." But when Aunt Margaret McGinn, who is going to handle our mission funds, and Aunt Helen Marshall, who is going to handle our personal funds, were here, they said it seemed miraculous to them that God seemed to raise up just the right business man for each need, and that all they met were Christians. God is good to us.

NOVEMBER 12 — We are on the train finally, and have begun the journey to Japan. Last week, the same derrick truck that picked up and loaded Randall's boxes for Africa, came and loaded ours with the derrick, onto a truck to begin their journey to Japan. They will go to a ship in New Orleans, but we will go to San Francisco to sail. These boxes were built by the men of the Camden Avenue Christian Church in Louisville, Kentucky. Every evening they came after supper, and hammered and sawed and moved things into the boxes, while Mother packed and Grandmother made coffee and snacks for the men. Sometimes their wives came and helped clean out cupboards and drawers. And me - I just climbed all over the boxes. They were wonderful little rooms that I could have made a doll house out of. During the afternoon, the little girls next door played with me. I surely will hate to leave them and their baby brother. After the boxes were gone, however, we still had to pack trunks and suitcases and all the things we were leaving behind - and Mother and Grandmother say that was the hardest of all. It was harder because there was the Convention going on, and many people were coming in and out every day. None of us were able to



be there much, but the last night we went. Uncle Bryan led the singing. Mother played, Aunt Norma, Uncle Tibbs, Uncle Bryan and Grandmother sang a quartet, and Uncle Tibbs spoke. He had given Grandmother an orchid, and Mother and me rose bouquets, and after the service everyone said goodbye to us. That was night before last. But there was still a lot to do before we could leave, and we were all very busy yesterday and until 10 p.m., last night, getting our house empty and ready for the renters who moved in today. How I hated to say goodbye to our house! But Mother says we don't really own it for a long time yet, and it can be paying for its mortgage, taxes, insurance and repairs, and also for an annuity for the future. So I guess Daddy would be happy about that. Tomorrow we are going to visit Uncle John's family in Dallas, Texas, and meet Aunt Lucille Sherman there. She is going to Japan to be a missionary too, and is travelling with us. But Aunt Lucille is driving our Ford down to the ship in New Orleans first. She calls this "Sherman's March to the Sea."

DECEMBER 16 — Well, finally we are going to sail for Japan. We are about three weeks late, and since we had so much extra time, we took trips to Los Angeles, Turlock, Santa Rosa, San Jose, and other places while we waited. We arrived in Oakland on Thanksgiving evening, and have been staying at the Home of Peace - a nice missionary hotel. We have enjoyed it, but now we will be too late for Christmas in Japan. We're sorry about that.

DECEMBER 26 — Where do you suppose we spent Christmas? Surprise! It was in Hawaii. Our ship wasn't supposed to go to Honolulu, but it developed engine trouble just after we left San Francisco, and they decided to come in here to get it fixed. We got here day before yesterday, and will have a whole week here. That was wonderful for us, though too bad for the company, because we could visit the Christmas programs of the missionaries in Hawaii and have Christmas dinner with them, and have them come to the boat, and for me, this has been a happy Christmas. So many of the men on the ship have given me gifts, that I feel very, very honored. And I have my own little tree, too.

JANUARY 10 — We arrived in Yokohama harbour tonight, after a stormy week at sea, when we often wondered if the ship would make it. It was so late when we got here, and we were anchored out of the harbour, so we decided to wait until tomorrow to go ashore. Then, all of a sudden, we heard our names called and ran out on deck and looked down into a rowboat. And there was Martin Clark, President of Osaka Bible Seminary, and Harold Sims, President of Tokyo Bible Seminary. They wanted us to change our minds and go ashore, but we weren't packed to go and preferred to





### Goodbyes in California

Mr. and Mrs. Ricker-  
son (now missionaries  
in Miyo Jima Island),  
me, Mother, Theon  
Bigelow (missionary  
in Mexico), Lucille  
Sherman and Grand-  
mother Maxey

Myself, Paula and  
Markie, shopping in  
a fascinating Japanese  
souvenir shop



### Christian Day School in Osaka, Japan--1952

Front Row:

Barbara Cole,  
me, Carol Mings,  
Miss Sherman.

Second Row:

Miss Yoshida,  
-----, Karen  
Cole, Karlyn and  
Katherine Clark

Back Row: James  
Cole, Paul Clark,  
Lonnie and Donnie  
Mings

wait until next day. Aunt Lucille, however, did go with them, and will take the night train with Mr. and Mrs. Clark to Osaka. They wanted her to teach in the school for missionary children and had been waiting for her a long time. And speaking of school, I have been having school every day now on this ship. It is the Calvert School (a correspondence American school) and I like it and I don't like it. I guess I would still like to just play, if I had my way.

JANUARY 13 — This is Sunday evening, and I feel as if I were in the still centre of a storm. Events and people have been moving around me so fast. Friday morning, we hurried into Tokyo in time for Mother to speak at the Seminary chapel. Right after that, a long distance call came for her from Chaplain (Air Force) Barber from Northern Japan. Would Mother come speak for them Sunday? So, Saturday evening she left for a 13-hour train ride to Misawa - not knowing Japanese and feeling very ill at ease. I stayed behind with the Harold Sims family. They have two darling little girls, and we had a grand time. Grandmother went to stay with her old friend, Mrs. Cunningham. They had a good visit. Then, early this morning, the telephone began to ring, and it has been going all day. First call was from Uncle Mark - 30 hours' south of Tokyo - in Kyushu. He said Aunt Pauline was very sick, and had just been rushed to the hospital in Fukuoka by a Red Cross Rescue Plane. Would Grandmother come right to Kyushu in the fastest way possible and help him with their tiny new baby! (They have two other children, too.) Well, Mr. Sims called Grandmother and the airport, and somehow they got a seat for Grandmother on the 10 a.m., plane to Osaka. It took Mr. Sims an hour to come home from the airport, and by the time he could call Osaka and tell Mr. Clark to meet Grandmother, she was already there. In the afternoon, Mother called from Misawa and heard the news. She called Osaka, the hospital in Fukuoka and Uncle Mark, and then called us back to say that Aunt Pauline's life had been spared and she was better. Then she talked to me, and I told her that I was just fine. Grandmother is going on to Kanoya tonight by train. Mr. Clark will go with her.

JANUARY 28 — Mother and I and Uncle Mark are on our way to Kanoya now. We got back on the ship in Yokohama and came to Kobe, on January 20. It has now taken us a week to get our things and Aunt Lucille's and Uncle Mark's through Customs and some sent on to Kanoya and some left here - where Mother is to study Japanese and work on radio programs, for a while. But now we're going to visit Uncle Mark and Aunt Pauline. It is a beautiful trip, and I do like Uncle Mark so much.

FEBRUARY 28 — Today Mother left for Osaka again, after a month of visiting the churches Uncle Mark (Maxey) has begun in Kago-shima Ken. All of us have talked over all of the places where we

could live and work, to be not so far from them. I do like it here so much. The new baby boy - Gregory - is just beautiful, and my cousin Paula is just one year older, and Markie just one year younger than me. We have such fun!

MARCH 30 — What a thrilling and wonderful week I've just had. For two months, I've been in Kanoya - one month while Mother was there, and one month without her. In that time I've become almost like another child in Uncle Mark and Aunt Pauline's family, and have - with my cousins to help introduce me - begun to learn to know Japanese people and their language and customs. How I have enjoyed the family life. Grandmother was my teacher. Aunt Pauline is such a wonderfully kind, and generous and beautiful mother, and Uncle Mark is the happy, busy daddy. He likes to romp with us on the floor any evening he's home, and do we love that! But just the same, I've missed my Mother, and you can believe it made me awfully happy when Grandmother brought me up to Osaka for a week and then we came on to Tokyo for a Convention of all the Churches of Christ in Japan. Here, we've been staying with Miss Farnham, and attending the Convention. I told Mother some months ago, that I want to accept Christ as my Saviour, and wanted Uncle Mark to baptize me, but I wanted her to be there. So we arranged for me to make my good confession at the Convention. Night before last, after Chaplain Russell Barber's very fine sermon, I went down the aisle, and - about 15 minutes later - Uncle Mark baptized me. Now, I'm a Christian, and so happy. I told Mommy I'm her sister now, as well as her daughter, and we're both together on the road to heaven, where Daddy and Jonny are waiting. Isn't Jesus kind and good, to make this possible for us? I'm so grateful!

MAY 24 — My 7th birthday, and the very best one yet! More than 30 children - mostly Japanese - came to my party, and the gifts from them and from Mother and Grandmother gave me a whole new Japanese outfit - inner and outer kimono; obi sash, tabi socks, geta and zori shoes, hair ribbons, fan, purse, everything. Well, I can tell you I'm excited. Do you know that hair ribbons have things sewed on them or hanging from them, and these things are in many colors? There is supposed to be a color for every year of age - so, seven colors for this year.

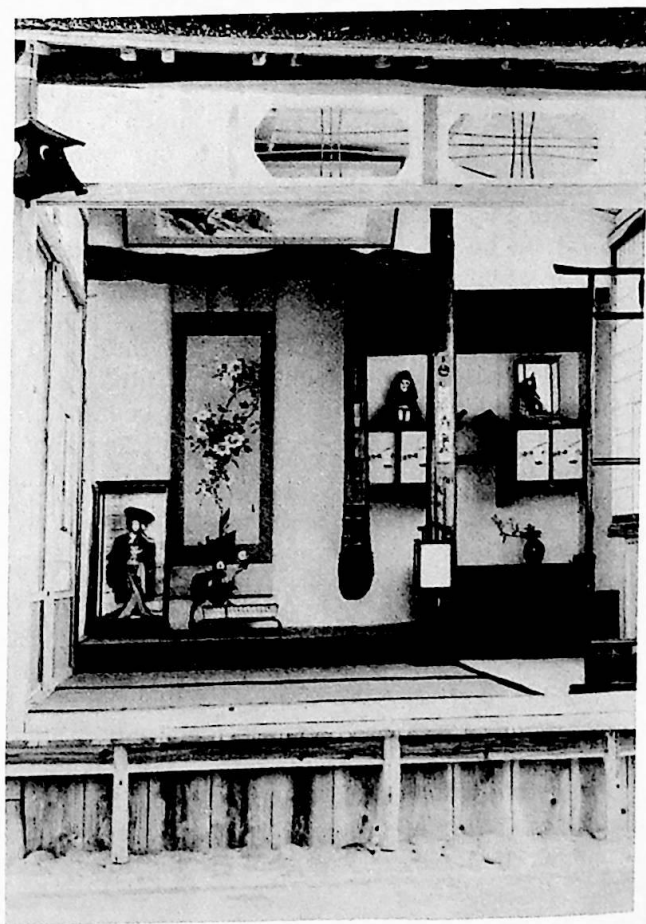
You probably wonder where I am, so I'll tell you. I stayed in Osaka with Mother after the Convention, and went to Miss Sherman's school. I've been here nearly two months. Mother and I rent a room and pay board at Uncle Alex and Aunt Betty Bills' home. The electric organ we brought out is here too, so Mother practises on it, works on broadcasts - in Chinese, Japanese and English - and teaches at Osaka Bible Seminary. She spends an hour or so each morning with a Japanese language teacher too. So she's pretty busy. She drives us 45 minutes to our school each



Porch and garden of our Japanese house.

We also have church and mid-week Bible Classes here, for the Kago-shima Church

A small model of a Japanese room--  
Raised floor, with  
Tatami mats; sliding  
paper doors on three  
sides; flower ar-  
rangement and  
picture corner.  
Natural wood--  
highly polished--  
forms main beams,  
as decoration.



morning. That's an hour and a half every day, and it's through bicycles and oxcarts and three-wheeled trucks and scads of people walking - all going to work - and you can believe it's no fun, but we enjoy being together, and that is a nice time of day for us, with our radio giving us an English devotional service as we ride along.

JULY 24 — Well, here we are again - in Kanoya with the Maxeys. But it's different now. A new life is beginning for us, and we are raring to go. We've been looking at towns and houses - over in the Satsuma Peninsula - across the bay from Kanoya - trying to decide where the Lord wants us to live and work. I hope He lets us know pretty soon.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1952 — For a seven-year old, I've been transplanted as often as anyone I know. It seems as if I'll never have a chance to put down roots anywhere. A few times I've almost succeeded - like at Dratsilo, in China, and at Louisville, in America. But then, first thing I know, there I am uprooted and left dangling and feeling unsettled and exposed to the elements.

Well, today we moved into a beautiful (but frightfully dirty) old Japanese house - here in Kagoshima. It has a lovely Japanese garden like a park. And I feel as if I could put down roots here very easily. It's always such a relief to me to be settled into our own home. And I guess I show it because I heard Mother and Grandmother talking about how much happier and contented I have become every time we move into our own place.

For two weeks after we came down from Osaka (20 hours away) we were up in the mountains at the Christian Service Camp. We went up by truck as far as we could and then got into a tiny little train which hauls logs up and down the mountain. The track was very narrow and we wound around the mountain on a very narrow ledge, going up and up and up. Mother said it reminded her of the horse trails in the mountains in China and it was so beautiful that it seemed a shame to leave each scene behind. At the top, there was a lovely lake and a school building and we stayed in the Japanese house belonging to the teachers. Classes were held at the school. It was so cool after the heat of the Valley and the camp was so nice.

After that we began to prepare for a revival meeting in Sendai and, the last week of August, we started it in a school building there. Bro. Motoyoshi, evangelist for the Kyushu Christian Mission, preached; Uncle Mark showed colored slides of the life and teachings of Christ; Mother played the piano and four Osaka Bible Seminary students - down for the summer - helped. Mr. Mita led the singing and a girls' trio - Miss Seguchi, Miss Shigeinobu and Miss Noda - conducted childrens' services and sang trios each night. Paula and I were there all week and we were surrounded by scads of Japanese children all the time, wanting to see the blonde



girls from America. I don't think we hurt the attendance any, but I do get so tired of feeling like a kangaroo in a zoo must feel - always on display. At the end of the week, eight people confessed Christ and the first Church of Christ in Satsuma was born when they were baptized on Sunday, August 31st.

This is the next day and this home is one of God's good gifts. We have looked for many weeks and then suddenly on our way from Kanoya to Sendai we stopped off in Kagoshima to look at one more house and this was it. So, we told the man we would move in today. We have eleven rooms and pay \$50 a month rent.

JANUARY 2, 1953 — There wasn't time to write yesterday, even though it was the big holiday of the year in Japan. That's the trouble. It is such a big holiday that there wasn't time for anything but dressing up pretty in our Japanese kimono and my many friends came visiting me and I went visiting them. Mother and I and Grandmother were also guests of Dr. Arima across the street, at a ceremonial tea and watched him and his friends put on several Warrior dances. It was funny to see but they were quite serious about it. These last three months in Kagoshima have been "get acquainted" months. Mother is so busy that we don't see her much except in the mornings. She teaches afternoon and night classes in five towns, but Grandmother teaches me and we hold Sunday services in our home while Mother is away in Sendai and Kajiki. We had two Christmases this year, one in Kanoya and one here. It's so nice to have Uncle Mark's family near us and we see each other every two weeks. Once a month they all come to Kagoshima and once a month we go over there - riding a ferry boat for two hours across the bay. It's fun.

MARCH 30, 1953 — Every year, about this time, the missionaries and the Japanese Christians meet together for a national convention. It is always such fun. This year it was in Osaka. All the missionary children meet again too, of course. We enjoy this because we see other white children so seldom. There are only two other American children in Kagoshima, but twice we have had visitors with children. Mr. and Mrs. Harold Sims and their little girls that I enjoyed so much in Tokyo, and their brand new baby boy, came down at Christmas time. And last month, Mrs. Alex (Betty) Bills and their daughters, Kathy and Becky (with whom we had lived very happily for several months in Osaka), came down for several weeks and we had a grand time while our mothers conducted choruses and sang and played for several high schools. They finally had all of Mother's choral groups come together at a Kagoshima radio station and make a recording with Aunt Betty directing and Mother playing the piano. It was beautiful.

MAY 24, 1953 — I always seem to make an entry on my birthday.





Me in kimono outfit--age 7



My friends and me at New Year--1953



Baptism in Kagoshima Bay,  
near Kajiki



Radishes grown in  
Kagoshima Ken

But really they are rather special days for me. Mother always has a party, if she can, and I am always a whole year older. This year was no exception. I had my Japanese girl friends and all the Americans in Kagoshima came - just four families, including ours and Uncle Mark's. It was an all-day affair. In the morning, we went to the zoo and Markie - my cousin - kept saying "When are we going to have the party?" When we got back, we had a picnic lunch in the garden and a peanut hunt. Markie still wondered when the "party" would begin. My swings and croquet set were behind the house and we played there for an hour and finally the other families came and we played games in the garden while our parents looked on and Markie still said "When will we have the party?" We had my cake and gifts and refreshments and a photo made and after everyone left we had a family picnic. Then we lit a bunch of lanterns in the garden and sat on the porch and talked and Markie said, "Aren't we going to have any party?" But to me, it was a wonderful day - full of parties - and I am eight years old now!!

AUGUST 8, 1953 — For fear you think I always talk about my birthday parties, I want to tell you about Grandmother's, this afternoon, because it was really special - her 70th. But I must go back a little to explain where we are. We are in Karuizawa - a cool mountain town up north of Tokyo about five hours - or thirty-six hours from our home. During these three months, Mother has been so busy. We had an evangelist, Mr. John Muto, down from Tokyo, preaching for us. He held five-night meetings in five towns. The following letter which he sent back is one Mother treasures. It tells why a man - of whatever nationality - gives his life to the Lord's service.

"Greetings in the name of a wonderful Saviour Jesus Christ. I am so happy to get a chance to write to you because I have been just thinking about it but I could not do it. I praise the Lord to hear from you that He is continually blessing you and your work down there.

(1) This evangelism was really under His leading. I still do not know why you invited me to your work (but)....this evangelism came right after I had been convinced that I must be an evangelist, not merely the pastor of a church. Now we are a little surprised to know that one of our most earnest Christian families is going to move to a suburb of Tokyo within this month. So we are planning to open a new work as soon as they move. He is really a prayer-answering Father. "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and the knowledge of God! How unsearchable are His judgments and His ways past tracing out!"

(2) God has taught me that the preaching of the Gospel is HIS work, not OURS. I realize that so often I do not trust Him to do

evangelistic efforts and so often I want to glorify myself. The evangelism is the evangelism of the Spirit of God... Our Heavenly Father always treats our souls so carefully, doesn't He? If there was something done, therefore, while I was working there, all glory should be given to the Spirit of the Lord. "Nevertheless in this rejoice not, that the spirits are subject unto you; but rejoice that your names are written in heaven." "For if I preach the gospel, I have nothing to glory; for necessity is laid upon me, for woe is unto me, if I preach not the gospel."

(3) The Lord of the harvest showed me the field white unto the harvest to stir me up again to the work for the Master. In a city like Tokyo where there are pretty many churches, we are liable to fail to see the field.

(4) I could see the work of Satan so clearly so often down there which we can not see here because it is well-covered by the beauty of human activity. And also, this leads me to believe in the power of prayer more convincingly. I have already given our church services the testimonies of how God answered our little prayers.

(5) I was so much encouraged by the vital work in Kyushu which put me in the deep consideration on the method of evangelism of the New Testament Church and also on the work of an evangelist. This is a great revelation to me.

(6) I realize how much I love the congregation I am serving and how much they love me and pray for me. To do the work of the Kingdom being supported by the fervent prayers of the church is so wonderful. I cannot think of any greater job for men to do on this earth.

(7) "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, shall doubtless come again with joy, bringing his sheaves with him."

These are only a part compared with His spiritual blessings given to me... I am taught by you that we as preachers must always point out Christ and do everything for His glory. THANK YOU VERY, VERY MUCH!

In His great service,  
JOHN MUTO"

15 people were baptized during these meetings and some were my playmates. So far now over 90 people have become Christians since we began working in Satsuma. The job of tending these new-born sheep has made Mother and Grandmother feel the need to get away for awhile during the hot summer when the Seminary students can come down to help. We had a chance to rent a summer cottage



Church Rally picture--December, 1952. In our garden.  
Can you find me? (In bush.)



Togo Women's Group visiting our home

here and Mother is taking a summer-school course in the Japanese language school here.

We like our cottage so much - although it is up on a steep hill. Next door to us are Aunt Mabel and Uncle Stanley Buttray. Up at the top of the hill, Mrs. Emily Cunningham lives, and down in the town the Bills family and the Julius Fleenor family, with their children. Today, as on many other occasions, all of them are here. But many other missionary friends have come also to wish Grandmother a happy 70th birthday. We have our house full of flowers and we have a huge big cake and all the fixings. (I bought Grandmother a very nice filter coffee pot, and I think she likes that the best of all of her gifts. I am sure glad because I spent ¥800 for it - over \$2.00.)

OCTOBER 15, 1953 — It must sound to you as if all we do is have parties but these are only the best days. This time of year is almost the hardest for missionaries. That is because it is such beautiful fall weather and during October all the schools have their athletic meets all day on Sunday. The whole family goes and takes part in the games and races and contests. They take picnic dinners of pretty rice cakes and delicious tidbits of fish and vegetables and pickles. It is their fun-time, after the hard work of harvesting their crops is over. We don't blame them for wanting to relax but if only it were another day but Sunday. Yesterday one of my playmates who lives two doors away lost her Daddy. She is a new Christian and her mother has been coming faithfully to every service. Last week, her Daddy who was City Librarian, took Mother for her to arrange to teach a downtown class in the City Library. He seemed so healthy and was so friendly. He told his wife and daughter to become real Christians, not just nominal ones. And he wanted to help us all he could. But last Sunday, at the athletic meet, he overtaxed his heart and had an attack. How sad we feel for them and about him.

NOVEMBER 30, 1953 — This year we have much to be thankful for. We've had a wonderfully happy and blessed year, with Grandmother here, and the church is growing ever stronger. This month, the work has spread out farther and Mother has begun a Bible class at a T. B. sanitarium on a beautiful beach about 30 minutes' drive south in Tanneyama where we now have two earnest Christian men.

But one thing we aren't so happy about is that on our way home from Karuizawa, Grandmother had her eyes examined and she has cataracts. She must go home, next spring, for an operation. And I will lose my school teacher. We're trying to get my third-year course all finished before Grandmother must go.

JANUARY 10, 1954 — Christmas is always a very busy time for



us but never busier than this one. Programs in each church and white Christmas gifts which we took to an orphanage in Kagoshima, and a local radio station wanted to broadcast our Christmas program. So Mother worked hard on the training of the whole church for the musical part and all of the children pantomined the hymns - in costume. She also spoke over the radio Christmas morning in Japanese and we had an early morning breakfast for the mission staff that day, before leaving for Christmas in Kanoya. Grandmother had gone to Kanoya early, to be with Aunt Pauline, and we had a happy Christmas day, all together.

Then the next day Aunt Pauline didn't feel so well and the Japanese doctor was called. We were in bed when he arrived that evening, but next morning Aunt Pauline was very sick and everyone was heartbroken because the long-awaited baby boy, Mason, had died before birth. Mother was Aunt Pauline's nurse and Grandmother was home-keeper. The funeral was the next day. Uncle Mark had a little box made and lined and covered with white and it was so beautiful. Uncle Martin and Aunt Evelyn Clark came down from Osaka, and all the missionaries from Kagoshima came over. The service was wonderful but we feel so badly.

Now, we are just beginning to get back into our usual routine again. This routine is like this - at 9 a.m., Grandmother rings a bell and I come in for school. She puts up a flag and we sing hymns, and then "America" and we pledge allegiance to our flag. Then we read the Bible and pray and classes begin. I get a mid-morning recess sometimes, but if it's too long, I must have more school after lunch, so I don't always take one.

APRIL 4th — Now the National Convention is over and everyone has gone home, so I'm going to take a breather and add some more to this diary. How exciting this has been because - this year - the convention was held down here in Kanoya. You can imagine how everyone worked to prepare for it! Most of the hard part was for Uncle Mark and Aunt Pauline, but we had some of it too, because we met the train, fed all the delegates breakfast, with the help of the Kagoshima church folks, and got them all off on the ferry to Kanoya. Aunt Pauline and Uncle Mark had fixed up a place for all the women at their house. Some stayed in their two-room Japanese house with its own bath (Japanese-style with a deep hot ofuro bath heated with a fire underneath, built from the outside). Some stayed in the room behind the garage which Uncle Mark had built for Grandmother and me in 1951, but which is now Paula and Markie's school-room. Some stayed in Markie and Paula's bed-rooms and on the living-room studio couch. But all the men and boys stayed in a Japanese hotel downtown where the Japanese convention delegates also stayed and where the convention was held. And besides breakfast for the women, every night Aunt Pauline prepared wonderful meals for all the missionaries. How tired she must be!





Missionaries who attended the 1954 Convention of the Churches of Christ in Japan. Missionaries began staying over for an extra Missionary Convention, last year.

Japanese sleeping on the floor at Convention hotel. (This is the way Japanese sleep always--rolling up the bed by day.)



A session in the Maxey living-room



Banquet in Kagoshima—Seated: Uncle Mark, Aunt Pauline, Grandmother, Mother, Jane Kinnett, Vivian Lemmon, Paula and me.

Then, on the last day - Saturday - all of them came over to Kagoshima for a banquet at which Grandmother Maxey was the guest speaker. It was held in a downtown dining-room and we all dressed up for it. Paula and I wore taffeta dresses. Grandmother wore her new red velvet dress and was very beautiful with her white hair. Grandmother is so full of fun. Everyone loves her and different folks told her so, in speeches at the banquet - telling her how everyone will miss her. But I think Mommy and I will miss her most of all. For she has been the one Mother could talk over her problems with, and everyone needs such a person on the mission field. She has been very special to me too, because we love each other very much, and besides being my teacher, have kept each other company many times. I have often been interpreter for her, and, in recent months, eyes for her too. Sometimes, as Grandmother has been packing up, I have seen tears streaming down her cheeks because she loves it here so much and doesn't want to leave.

Well, I'd better not talk about that or I'll start crying too. But after the banquet half of the folks stayed here and visited all the churches on this side of the bay. The other half stayed in Kanoya and visited those churches. So we have just had a *big* week-end and are now resting up a little.

MAY 11, 1954 — Well! This ends another very busy month. We got back from seeing Grandmother off in Tokyo Saturday and, yesterday a.m., Chaplain Bob Small came to see us and took colored movies of our house and the church folks, here and in Kajiki. It was Mother's Day and there were eight Mothers at the service, so he had them all wave into the camera. At Kajiki, too, he took pictures of the folks assembling and of the road, while sitting on the front seat. But I am ahead of myself. After the convention, we had so many folks coming to bring gifts to Grandmother and so many last-time meetings at each church and womens' group. Farewell parties from the missionaries and from all the Japanese Christians, too. Then when she left many folks saw her off in Kagoshima and all along the line and at Osaka and Tokyo. We went to Tokyo with her and so did Uncle Mark's family. The missionaries there gave her a farewell party and gifts also, and finally at the ship, Mother gave one last party. Paula and I begged to stay all night with them, since the ship wouldn't leave until morning, and Mother asked the agent and he agreed. So we stayed - and so did Mother - and it was such fun! We even had a wonderful breakfast on the ship the next morning. But then, we had to watch Grandmother sail away for America, all alone, and we were all so sad. Won't it be wonderful when we all get to heaven and there won't be any more partings?

MAY 26, 1954 — Well, I have surely been having a nice birthday!



Farewell party for Grandmother



Party I gave orphanage -- Age 9



My ninth birthday



Mr. Noda and me on moving day

Two parties. One on my 9th birthday (the 24th) with all the American children - 12 altogether - and one yesterday, with all the Toso orphanage children and the Kagoshima Sunday School, as guests - with the teachers helping. It was outdoors and we played games and had a peanut hunt and took pictures and then served refreshments. We had worked hard preparing the favors, with a little gift in each one and I enjoyed this party of *giving* even more, I think, than the *receiving* one - though of course I did enjoy that too.

AUGUST 1, 1954 — At Unzen - I wish you could be here with us. We are up in the mountains near Nagasaki (about 8 hours from home). Aunt Jane Kinnett and Aunt Betty Whittington are here with us and enjoying the cool mountain air for two weeks. We have a camp house and when we go home Uncle Mark's family will come use it. It's fun. Yesterday, we went horseback riding, and it made Aunt Jane and Mother remember the horseback trips they took together out in China, and they made us all laugh, telling about the funny experiences they had.

I've been going to D.V.B.S., up here, since there are five missionary families here besides us. It's so much fun! And I learned the 23rd Psalm. Mother could come up because at the end of May, Mr. and Mrs. Al Hammond and Timmie (their darling little boy that I just *love*) came to Kagoshima. We moved out of our big Japanese house and rented a Baptist missionary couple's home while they are on furlough. It is very large so we divided it and the Hammonds have the guest room and bath, study and living-room as a little apartment.

One thing that makes me feel awful today is that one of my parakeets, Sue, flew away today. I brought both of my birds up with me and the other one is so tame he sits on my head or shoulder by the hour. Sue, though, has always been wild, so I guess she's happy now. But poor Bob is so lonely and so am I.

SEPTEMBER 14, 1954 — At the Christian Academy in Tokyo. - There has been one big whirl again, since I wrote last - of going back to Kagoshima (in time to see the Hammonds leave for Language School in Kobe); then - while the Seminary students were completing the DVBS' in all of the eight Satsuma Sunday Schools, Mother and the preachers began preparing for the Annual Rally of all the churches of both Osumi and Satsuma Peninsulas. It was held in our home on Saturday and Sunday - August 28th and 29th and over 70 people were there. Sunday afternoon, 30 Toso orphanage children came also, and sat quietly through the service. They were so thrilled to come! 20 Japanese women slept on our floor Saturday night and as many men stayed in our two-room and bath Japanese house. After that, Mother began hurriedly preparing my clothes for school, here in Tokyo. My name and number had to be marked on everything I took, even socks and hankies, and I was





Feeding my little pal,  
Timmy Hammond



Uncle Al (left) and Aunt Eleanor and Mother--at a baptism--  
in Kagoshima Bay



Osumi-Satsuma Rally in September, 1954

told just what clothes and bedding to bring. Finally it was done and Mother brought me up to school. I have been here over a week, now, and I like it so much. Mother had me checked by both doctor and dentist and stayed for enrollment day and then she went home - 30 hours away in Kyushu. I'm homesick but also I like it here with so many other children. I sleep in a dormitory with seven other girls about my age and eat with all of the children in my room at school. I love the matron and my teacher and its fun to have schoolmates and teachers. I've always wanted to have sisters and brothers and to go to a regular school. So no matter how homesick I get I won't complain.

DECEMBER 2, 1954 — I'm back from my first trip home at Thanksgiving time. And what a thrill it was. Mother has this big house and is having a school in it - every weekday - to train kindergarten teachers. Aunt Jane Kinnett and Mollie (with whom I used to play in West China) were there. But even so, Mother missed me so she could hardly wait to see me again. And besides, I suddenly began to grow taller and nearly all the clothes I took to school are too short now.

The problem was how to get me home. It's 30 hours on the train and I couldn't go so far alone. Instead, Mother had Uncle Robert West take me to the airport Wednesday after school and put me on a plane to Fukuoka (in northern Kyushu). There Mother met me that night, with Chaplain Martin and Capt. and Mrs. Tillman. I was dressed in the new winter coat and dress Mother had had Grandmother pick out and mail to me at school, and I felt so dressed up. After visiting the Tillmans and their nice children awhile we left on the night train for Kagoshima and arrived Thanksgiving morning. How good it was to be home again. We had the Thanksgiving dinner and then had a photographer come and take pictures, for our Christmas greetings. On November 29th, I was able to be in Kajiki for the dedication of a new church building there - our first in Satsuma. What a big thrill it was.

Now I am back at school with a few new clothes, some hems let down, and others - just too little - left at home. I prepared a package of them to send to the Toso orphanage along with clothes folks had sent from America and I cleared out my toy cupboard too. When I did that, I wrapped up all kinds of little things I had in pretty paper and made a grab-bag box. When any of my friends came to see me, I had them pull out something.

We went back up to Fukuoka on a night train. It takes eight hours. When Mother put me on the plane to come back, there was a missionary lady we had met getting on, so we sat together. She was so nice and I was glad she had promised to watch me until someone met me, because Uncle Stan (Buttray) was nearly two hours late coming after me and I was kinda scared. He took me to their home and they were so good to me I soon forgot it.



JANUARY 8, 1955 — You'll think I never do anything but travel. And actually I did do a lot of travelling, last year. But in between I'm not a bad student and have tried hard to be an obedient daughter to Mother, and cooperate with the many folks up here.

Nearly every week-end, I go to the Fleenor's home. They have three wonderful children and Aunt Virginia and Uncle Julius treat me so lovingly. I want long hair and have been letting it grow. Aunt Virginia puts it up in curlers, every time I go over, and sometimes we all dress up in kimonos. So you know how happy I was when they all came down to our house, during Christmas vacation. We all went by train and *what* a busy time it was. I think every Christmas gets bigger as the churches grow! When we got to the west station in Kagoshima, Mother met us and asked Uncle Julius to get into a train on the other side of the platform, and go with Mr. Nakamura to preach that night. A tent-team was there to help for a one-week evangelistic meeting. And that's the way it was all those two weeks. Christmas Day - with \$150.00 which a Masonic group at Camp Hakata (in Fukuoka) sent down by plane by Capt. Tillman - we gave the 56 orphans from Toso a sukiyaki party in our home - and gave each one a new sweater in his own size, wrapped with a toy inside. There was enough to give all the 42 old folks at the home, a pair of wool socks and a basket of fruit too. Getting all these things and wrapping them, as well as preparing and serving the feast, took everyone in the Kagoshima church who was available. But what a happy day it was. Afterwards the Toso children put on a nice Christmas program for us. That night (Christmas) and the next day and night and Sunday, the Fleenors and us, between us, visited seven Christmas programs. At each place, Mother supplied each Christian with a Christmas Christian picture calender from the Mission. She and the Maxeys do this every year. We went to Kanoya Monday for a dinner at the Maxeys. They had other company too, and we all stayed all night. Then, New Year's Eve everybody was at our house. The Maxeys (five) the Hammonds (three) the Fleenors (five) and us (two). It was crowded but loads of fun. All of us children slept on Japanese mats on the floor. We won't soon forget that holiday.

APRIL 15, 1955 — School goes merrily along. I have a special pal, Laurel, and we love each other very much. She's my ideal. And she has so many good ideas of things to do. She is like my cousin, Paula. One week-end, this spring, I went to visit Hope and Sylvia at the Sims home. During the week, Aunt Lois called and asked if I'd like to come and when I agreed, she asked me to choose from two or three, what kind of breakfast I'd like, what I would like to read on my bedside table, and what color bedspread I'd prefer. My! You can bet I enjoyed that visit.

Mother came to Tokyo late in March for a physical check-up and asked the school to let me have a few days before the Easter



Mission  
carpenters  
working on  
Kagoshima  
Church

My pals in Tokyo--  
Stephen and Dana Fleenor



When we dedicated the organ at Kajiki

vacation so we could attend the National Convention of Churches of Christ in Tanabe this year. We were too late for the Japanese part of the convention but in time for the missionary convention. We all stayed together in a Japanese hotel on the seashore. Tanabe is about in the middle of Japan, so nearly everybody was there and we had such a good time. Then I went home with Mother to Kagoshima for ten days. We exchanged my winter clothes for summer clothes. Mother had taken spring clothes for me, in March. Everyone was busy preparing for a big tent evangelistic meeting in Kagoshima and looking for a place for it. I helped them put out advertising posters and we found a lot just one block from our house. The church has been meeting in Mrs. Motomura's home (the lady whose husband died), but we are trying to find a lot so we can build a church soon in Kagoshima. When I flew back, my plane had engine trouble and had to stop three times. We finally got in four hours late at 11 p.m., but Uncle Bob and Aunt Audrey West were there waiting and was I glad!

JUNE 6, 1955 — I hate goodbyes. But a missionary child seems to have to say so many of them. And this time it was as bad as last year when Grandmother left because it was my wonderful Uncle Mark, my beautiful and kind Aunt Pauline, and my playmate cousins, Paula, Markie and Gregory. They sailed, last night, for America from Yokohama. And in a few days my school will be out and Mother and I will return home. But I surely do wish I was going to America. I can hardly wait!

Last week, Mother got here early on Sunday morning. But she was sick, and had to go right to bed. She kept getting worse and finally the doctor put her in the hospital for five days. It was amoebic dysentery and thousands of people have it in Tokyo, but Mother was well enough to leave the hospital Sunday a.m., in time to hear Uncle Mark preach his last sermon. She was so wobbly that she was afraid to go up and down the gangplank by herself at the ship yesterday.

AUGUST 31, 1955 — This has been the hottest, busiest and tired-est summer Mother and I can ever remember. At the beginning I tried to study my 5th grade books but we had to give it up. There were too many interruptions. We had to find a house to move to, and pack up and move, and we had to find a piece of land for the Kagoshima church and get it built. Besides this, Mother had an evangelist - Brother Ikemiya of Osaka - down holding meetings in all the churches. And the kindergarten teachers held a nursery school in Togo and DVBS in all the Sunday schools.

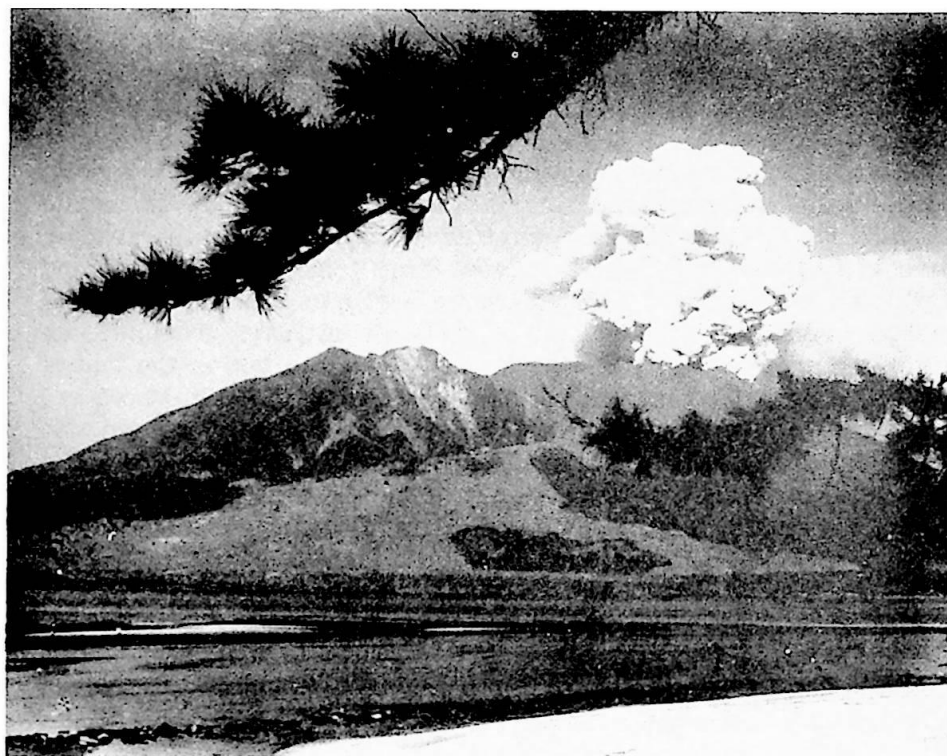
The only relief from the heat was in July at the Christian Service Camp which I attended for two weeks, and Mother for one. I was the Camp storekeeper both weeks and it was such fun. The Hammond family was there, and not only Timmie, but his darling

baby sister, Sharon, was there, and I could play with her by the hour. How I do love babies! Since then we have gone swimming quite a few times with the other missionaries here because it is so very hot.

We found and bought the land for the church finally this month, and the building - prefabricated in Kanoya - is here. So sometime this fall, the church will be ready! What a relief! We also found a home and began moving in on August 8th. It had to be cleaned and so did the one we were leaving, so we began by moving one truck-load a week and cartons and cartons every day. Tonight, the Olivers arrived back from the U. S. and we are taking the last of our things out. We are without a stove in the new place, as we are buying theirs and they need it until their new one is connected. So it's a problem. Aunt Lucille is here with Kikawa-San. She must stay quiet because of her blood-pressure, but Kikawa-San has helped very much, and Aunt Lucille could watch over one house while Mother was at the other. It's been good to have them. Last week - on Sunday - the western churches met in Kushikino where we also have a little apartment - in a grove, overlooking the ocean (China Sea) and Aunt Lucille Sherman spoke to them. Then this week we went to Tarimizu to the yearly Rally of all the churches on both sides of the bay.

SEPTEMBER 30, 1955 — Have you ever been in a typhoon? Well, I have. And let me tell you it isn't funny. We knew it was coming but still we couldn't do much. Our house overlooks the bay. Sometimes, in our cramped quarters we've begrudged having to turn over one room to the carpenters and sharing the kitchen with them (and the fish smells, every morning). But having them in the house last night was worth any sacrifice. We drove the car back to the Olivers (whose home we've been using for 15 months) and stayed there all night. But the carpenters were determined to stay with the house here. We were almost afraid to come home yesterday and when we passed so many wrecked homes in our neighborhood we dreaded the worst. But the house was still here - minus fences, some trees and a lot of roof, as was almost every house in the City - but standing. Mother had had a premonition of that roof blowing off over our desks and had put all our books and papers from them on the floor of our clothes closet. Good thing she did. Both our desks (mine is at right angles to Mother's so we can do school work handily) were pools of water - as was the whole room. We still haven't gas or electricity or telephone service in the City, but today it's a beautiful Sunday and all the folks from Kajiki and Kagoshima met in a park near here for our service today and thanked God for sparing us. There were two confessions of faith, after Mother's message. One was my dear friend.

OCTOBER 15, 1955 — Would you believe it? We're in Osaka, and



Mt. Sakurajima--Began to explode in October, 1955--again



My hostess in Osaka, Carol Mings, and me



Mother has just spent three days in a hospital being tested and checked. But mostly, just sleeping the clock around. She has gotten too tired. Teaching me and all her Bible classes, settling into a new home and then cleaning up after a typhoon, and worrying about how the mounting stack of bills and payments on land loans are to be paid has finally worn her out and she began to cry one day, and just couldn't stop. Now the doctor says we must go home. And she must have a complete rest for awhile. We don't know how it can be done but it seems to be necessary. So we'll try. If we don't, Mother will have a breakdown, they tell us, and we don't want that to happen.

While we've been here, we've been staying at the Mings' home, and I taught myself mostly when Mother wasn't here. Carol Mings is about my age and we've had such fun together. Donnie and Lonnie are her handsome big twin brothers, and Timothy, their happy baby brother. Carol has taught me to play several new things on the piano. Did I tell you? We have an old player piano now and I love it. I can practice simple stuff and then turn on the player and sound like a professional. The neighbors think I am a great pianist.

DECEMBER 3, 1955 — Yesterday was the day! We had planned, prayed, and prepared for it for a long, long time and finally the Dedication Day came and more than 100 people from all the Kagoshima district churches came to be with us. It is a nicer building than any so far - made of cement block and with running water. We are all very proud of it. In the afternoon, after a noon-meal together, they had a farewell service for us and gave us each a beautiful haori (a coat-kimono). So many people have given us gifts - lovely things to take home to America. We have been visiting each church to say goodbye and arranging for a full-time Evangelist to live and work on the Satsuma side now. Brother Imure's family is moving over this week. They will live in one-half of our house.

DECEMBER 16, 1955 — 47 people were waving at us on the platform, as the train pulled out of Kagoshima to bring us home. When we came to Kushikino, an hour later, 14 more folks were there to greet us and hand in last-minute gifts and letters. In Sendai 9 more awaited us, and now, we are on our way, loaded down with farewell gifts and the well wishes of our many brethren in Christ.

Sometimes we wondered if we'd make it. Packing up again seemed heart-breaking just after making a home out of our little old Japanese house. We couldn't sell the car or store the furniture, and we had to keep on with school until the end of November. But somehow, with the help of many, we got a certain order out of the chaos and left - thanks to a special appeal from Aunt Margaret (McGinn) and Aunt Helen (Marshall) - with all the debts paid. The



other night, the missionaries in Kagoshima gave us a farewell party. It was fun and they not only gave Mother a lovely "Kake-mono" scroll but me \$5.00. I was very surprised but I thought that was very nice. Christmas is close by and we hated to leave beforehand. But Mother said she just couldn't go through the rush of it, this year. We did buy school uniforms for all the Toso orphans, before leaving, and the fruit for the old folks. We had entertained all the groups and individual families we felt obligated to and had Christmas with the mission staff last night.

DECEMBER 30 — Yokohama - We leave for America tonight! Joy of joys! I can hardly wait to see it, but at the same time, I hate to leave Japan too. We have so many friends here. I hardly realized it until we prepared to leave. In Osaka we had such a happy Christmas. All the Osaka missionaries had Christmas dinner together and a party, and they gave Mother a Japanese "Obi" sash, and me \$5.00 (I'm getting rich). We were thrilled. Aunt Exie and us and Aunt Lucille had our Christmas in Miss Sherman's (Aunt Lucille's) apartment, and were caroled that night - twice. We stayed mostly (especially me) at the Harold Cole's, this time, and I could play with Karen and Barbie and Jim. That was fun. And then, the day we arrived in Tokyo, we heard that their new baby had arrived, and was a boy - named David! Boy, they're lucky!

Here in Tokyo again we have been busy getting all the tickets and freight on the boat and buying last-minute things to take home. But finally, after a last farewell party of the Tokyo missionaries last night, we are on the ship and everyone has gone home.

Now, we are facing out and away to America, and a New Year. I am as eager as can be to see what it will hold for us, and to get acquainted really for the first time - to remember it - with my native land! God Bless us all in 1956. Maybe I'll meet you then.

Your junior missionary,  
Janet Leigh Dittmore